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*The*



# CHAUTAUQUAN



*The Magazine of  
System in Reading*

English Critics on  
America

Formative Influences in  
American Painting

Our "Backyard Critic,"  
the Immigrant

Louis Agassiz

Christmas Greeting from  
Chancellor Vincent

# THE CHAUTAUQUAN

THE MAGAZINE OF SYSTEM IN READING

CONTENTS FOR DECEMBER, 1907

## COVER DESIGN

Christmas Greeting from Chancellor Vincent.....	Frontispiece
Highways and Byways.....	3
The Second Hague Conference. Russia's Third Douma. The Second National Trust Conference. The Letters of James Russell Lowell. The Minor Poets. The Samurai Class. Observe the Immigrant. Note and Comment.	
As Others See Us .....	John Graham Brooks 17
VII. The Mother Country as Critic. VIII. Changes in Foreign Criticism.	
American Painting.....	Edwina Spencer 56
IV. Formative Influences.	
Some Great American Scientists.....	David Starr Jordan 91
IV. Louis Agassiz.	
Greeting from President Judson.....	108
What the Immigrant Thinks of America .....	Philip Davis 109
Christmas with American Poets .....	Alice C. Edwards 119
Library Shelf.....	124
George Westinghouse .....	126
Lowell's Elegy on Agassiz.....	129
C. L. S. C. Round Table.....	Conducted by Kate F. Kimball 135
Talk About Books.....	152

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N

NG

piece

3

17

56

91

108

109

119

124

126

129

135

152

Ave.

UA

88





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## INDEX

TO

## THE CHAUTAUQUAN

VOLUME 49

December 1907-February 1908

- Addams, Jane, 259.  
 Agassiz, Louis, 91.  
 America, What the Immigrant Thinks of, (See "Immigrant").  
 American Painting, The Story of (See Painting).  
 American Scientists, Some Great (See "Scientists").  
 As Other See Us (See United States).  
 BALCH, EMILY GREENE. The True Story of a Bohmian Pioneer, 397.  
 Bohemian Pioneer, The True Story of a, 397.  
 BROOKS, JOHN GRAHAM. As Others See Us: A Century of Foreign Criticism on the United States, 17, 184, 321.  
 Changes of Tone in Foreign Criticism, 26.  
 C. L. S. C. Readers, Greeting to, from President Judson of the University of Chicago, 180; from President King of Oberlin College, 246; from President James of the University of Illinois, 414.  
 C. L. S. C. Round Table: Christmastide, 135; An Opportunity, 136; Portraits of Tennyson, 136; An Emerson Calendar, 141; Plays on American Subjects, 141; The Study of Longfellow, 142; Programs, 143; News from Readers and Circles, 147; Chautauqua Topics for Sunday Sermons, 277; Our February Studies, 277; The Class of 1908, 278; A Circle's Greeting to 1911, 279; New Athenian Watchfires, 280; A Member of 1908 in China, 283; Programs, 284; Review Questions on "Newer Ideals of Peace," 288; News from Readers and Circles, 281; Some Questions, 428; 1908's Class Poem, 429; A Puzzling Memoranda Question, 429; Another Letter from China, 430; An Error, 430; Activities of '96, 435; Programs, 436; News from Readers and Circles, 438.  
 Christmas with American Poets, 119.  
 DAVIS, PHILIP. What the Immigrant Thinks of America, 109.  
 Democracy and Manners, 221.  
 Edison, Thomas Alva, 389.  
 EDWARDS, ALICE COGSWELL. Christmas with American Poets, 119.  
 Finns as American Citizens, The, 247.  
 French Visitors, Other (To America), 208.  
 Herreshoff, Captain Nat, 128.  
 Higher Criticism (De Tocqueville), 184.  
 Highways and Byways: Second Peace Conference, 3; Russia's Third Douma, 5; Second National Trust Conference, 7; Letters of James Russell Lowell, 8; Minor Poets, 10; Samurai Class, 11; Observe the Immigrant, 13; Note and Comment, 15; The Financial Crisis, 157; Candidates and Issues, 159; Corporate Policy and Legislation, 161; The Navy in the Pacific, 163; The Advance of Prohibition, 165; Note and Comment, 166; President Roosevelt and the Third Term, 301; The Cur-

- rency and Readjustment, 302; Oklahoma the New State, 305; The Demand for Waterway Development, 306; Immigration and Emigration, 308; Socialism and English Politics, 311; The Philippine Assembly, 313; Has the German Constitution Been Changed? 312; Is Russia Still an Autocracy? 316; Note and Comment, 318.
- ILES, GEORGE. Thomas Alva Edison, 389.
- Immigrant, What the, Thinks of America, 109.
- JORDAN, DAVID STARR. Louis Agassiz, 91.
- Landscape and Marine Painting, 358.
- Langley, Samuel Pierpont, 237.
- Library Shel.. "Narrative" of Jonathan Edwards, 124; Anecdotes of William Morris Hunt, 268; "The Purloined Letter," by Edgar Allen Poe, 415.
- Lowell, Josephine Shaw, 265.
- Lowell's Elegy on Agassiz, 129.
- MAGIE, WILLIAM F. Samuel Pierpont Langley, 237.
- McCLURE, W. FRANK. The Finns as American Citizens, 247.
- Men of Vision: The Need of Them in America, 170.
- Michelson, Albert, Prof., 411.
- Mother Country as Critic, The, 17.
- Painting, The Story of American: IV. Formative Influences, 56; V. Landscape and Marine Painting, 358.
- Pinchot, Gifford, 412.
- Scientists, Some Great American: IV. Louis Agassiz, 91; V. Samuel Pierpont Langley, 237; Thomas Alva Edison, 389.
- SPENCER, EDWINA. The Story of American Painting, 56.
- Talk About Books, 152.
- United States, A Century of Foreign Criticism on: VII. The Mother Country as a Critic, 17; VIII. Changes of Tone in Foreign Criticism, 26; IX. Higher Criticism, 184; X. Other French Visitors, 208; XI. Democracy and Manners, 221; XII. Our Monopoly of Wit, 321; XIII. Our Greatest Critic, 341.
- Vesper Hour, 255, 404.
- VINCENT, JOHN H. Greeting to Members of C. L. S. C., 2; Vesper Hour, 255, 404.
- Westinghouse, George, 126.
- WILLIAMS, CHARLES D. Men of Vision: The Need of Them in America, 170.

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

- Cartoons (In "As Others See Us"): Twelve cartoons reproduced from *Punch* (1845-1866), pages 31-55; Bringing in the Yule Log, 309; The Standing Crusader, 310.
- C. L. S. C. Round Table, Scenery in South Kiang-Si, 282; Views of China and Bermuda, 431-433; Dutch Reformed Church of Witzieshoek, Orange River Colony, 434.
- Chautauqua, Recognition Day Group at, 140; Hall of Philosophy, 281.
- Finns as American Citizens: Typical Home and Neighborhood Gathering of Finns, 253; Finnish Athletic Society, 253; Finnish Temperance Hall, 254; Finnish Church, 254; Finnish College at Hancock, Michigan, 254.
- Painting, The Story of American: "Forging the Shaft," John F. Weir, 63; "Girl and Cow," Theodore Robinson, 65; Portrait of William Morris Hunt, by himself, 66; Portrait of J. F. Millet, 67; Portrait of Wm. Morris Hunt, Leutze, 68; Photo-

graph Portrait of Wm. Morris Hunt, 69; "Study of Clouds," W. M. Hunt, 70; "The Flight of Night," W. M. Hunt, 71; "Corn Husking," Eastman Johnson, 72; "Washington Crossing the Delaware," Emanuel Leutze, 73; "Boy and Sword," Edward Manet, 74; "All's Well," Winslow Homer, 75; "Raffling for the Goose," Wm. Sidney Mount, 76; "Wedding Feast in Brittany," Henry Mosher, 77; "Head of a Man," W. M. Hunt, 78; "The Quadroon," George Fuller, 79; Landscape, W. M. Hunt, 80; Cannon Rock (Winslow Homer), 365; Gulf Stream (Homer), 366; Coast of New Jersey (William J. Richards, 367; Young Holdstein Bull (Carleton Wiggins), 368; Broad Silent Valley (Alexander H. Wyant), 369; Spring Woods (Henry Ranger), 370; Spring (H. Bolton Jones), 371; Delaware Valley (Inness), 372; Peace and Plenty (Inness), 373; Sheepfold (Horatio Walker), 374; Moonlight (Dwight W. Tryon), 375; View on Seine (H. D. Martin), 376; Gloucester Harbor (Hunt), 377; Venetian Scene (B. H. Neiholls), 378; Indian Encampment (R. A. Blakelock), 380.

#### PORTRAITS.

Adam, Paul, 194.  
 Addams, Jane, 263.  
 Agassiz, Louis, 91.  
 Archer, William, 195.  
 Bourget, Paul, 196.  
 Bryce, James, 189.  
 Edison, Thomas Alva, 300.  
 Herreshoff, Captain Nat, 132.  
 James, Henry, 190.  
 Kelvin, the late, 309.  
 Langley, Samuel Pierpont, 156.  
 Lowell, Josephine Shaw, 264.  
 Michelson, Prof. Albert A., 410.  
 Münsterberg, Hugo, 193.  
 O'Rell, Max (M. Blouet), 192.  
 Pinchot, Gifford, 407.  
 Sweden, the late King of, 309.  
 Sweden, the New King of, 309.  
 Tennyson, Alfred; three portraits, pp. 137-139.  
 Wells, H. G., 191.  
 Westinghouse, George, 127.



## To the Members of the C. I. S. C.

Dear Fellow Students:

The Chancellor sends you greeting: one and all, young and old, in the United States and beyond the seas!

The most interesting day of the Christian calendar is Christmas Day. Its associations and suggestions are full of domestic and spiritual significance. Christmas is preeminently Home Day. It moreover embraces everything the Church stands for. It is a day of memory, of festivity, of fellowship, of forelook: It is a day in which the most careless soul is compelled to cast a glance or send a thought into the realm supernatural and eternal. Therefore Christmas is a day of enlarging horizon. It embraces the Heaven from which the Babe of Bethlehem came; the Heaven to which the Triumphant Christ ascended; the Heaven toward which little children look and the light of which causes dying saints to brighten with delightful memory and a ravishing hope.

Therefore it is fitting that the members of our great Circle, which is consecrated to intellectual strength, to large hope, to holy purpose and to an immortal life made possible through the death and resurrection of Him who was born on Christmas Day, should lift their eyes with gladness and hope to the opening heavens and recalling the Babe of Bethlehem resolve to seek the sympathy, the sweetness, the nobility of the life which He lived, and the glory of which He made possible to every one of us.

In His name dear fellow students of the C. I. S. C. I extend to You Hearty Christmas greetings and New Year salutations.

Faithfully yours,

John H. Vincent.

# THE CHAUTAUQUAN

Vol. 49.

DECEMBER, 1907.

No. 1.



**W**AS the second peace conference at The Hague, which sat from June 15 until October 13, a success or failure? Has it made any notable contribution to civilization, to the law of nations, to the cause of peace?

Opinions differ widely as to the actual results of the conference, but the moderate and reasonable view is that while the conference has disappointed "the man on the street," who had been led to expect great things from it, it cannot be justly considered a failure by those who know the difficulties it had to grapple with and the conditions under which it labored.

The conference did nothing to limit army and naval expenditures or to reduce armaments. It did not establish the much-talked of court of "judicial" arbitration. It did not declare private property at sea immune from capture as such property—when not contraband—is on land. It did not provide for automatic periodical meetings of the conference. These omissions have caused many to overlook the positive results and achievements of the body.

Among such results are: The establishment of an international prize court to decide questions arising out of capture of vessels at sea during war; the indorsement, in principle, of "obligatory arbitration"—that is, of the principles that certain classes of disputes not affecting honor, sovereignty or vital interests might and should be arbitrated in accordance with a general treaty binding all nations of the civilized world; the indorsement of the modified

South American contention that controversies of a pecuniary character arising between nations and individuals of other nations should not give rise to hostile demonstrations or attempts to use force in the interest of the individuals, unless arbitration has been declined by the debtor nations or awards have been ignored by them after voluntary arbitration; the affirmation of the desirability of an international court of arbitration composed of influential judges and empowered to decide cases in harmony with the evidence and settled rules, regardless of purely "diplomatic" considerations.

Hopeless disagreement on the mode of selecting the members of this court prevented a convention for its immediate creation, but the powers are to study the question and, if possible, give effect to the resolution favoring such a tribunal.

Thirteen conventions were signed by the delegations, but nearly all relate to the mitigation and humanization of war, not to the prevention thereof. The conference voted to apply the Geneva convention and the Red Cross rules to sea warfare, to declare the postal service and fishing boats inviolable, to regulate the laying of submarine mines, etc. The treatment of captured crews and the transformation of merchantmen into warships, the rights and duties of neutrals, the protection of undefended and unfortified towns, are also covered by conventions—and all of these are conceived in a spirit of humanity, in the desire to make warfare less cruel.

It is certain, however, that the discussions at the conference have facilitated the settlement of the more difficult questions, and will bear fruit at future conferences. For the first time all the civilized peoples of the world sat, as it were, in grand council, on terms of equality, and deliberated on the problems of peace, arbitration, the building up of a body of enforceable international law, and the avoidance of misunderstanding and friction. The recogni-



tion of South American progress by the European nations is itself a significant fact, and one largely attributable to American influence.

Thus the conference, which was perhaps called prematurely and which suffered from inadequate preparation, was not wholly unsuccessful, even from the narrowest point of view. It is noteworthy that the American press takes a more generous view of the conference than that of Europe, and this in spite of the fact that the most important of the American proposals failed to secure unanimous approval. Our delegates, however, were satisfied with the impression they had produced and the moral support which they commanded from the leading powers.



### Russia's Third Douma

The third parliamentary elections in Russia, which occurred in October, resulted in giving the government a "moderate" douma. The first douma was radical in personnel as well as in spirit and tactics. The second was even more anti-governmental in its personnel, the extreme left groups being particularly strong; but the tactics of its majority were reasonable and judicious. The Constitutional Democrats had moral control of the douma and prevented inflammatory oratory or aggressive action against the government. Yet the second douma, like the first, was dissolved for alleged inefficiency and excessive radicalism. The dissolution was technically legal, but it was unjustifiable and arbitrary, and it demonstrated the selfishness, the fanaticism, and the blindness of the bureaucracy and the court.

It would have proved futile, and even worse, however, if the government had not promptly decreed, contrary to the plain letter of the "fundamental laws" or constitution, a radical revision of the suffrage article. That revision was undertaken and carried out with the deliberate purpose of disfranchising peasants and workmen, or of reducing their representation, and giving a decided preponderance to the

large landowners and nobles. The new suffrage law was what Americans call a gerrymander, for it followed no principle or method, and merely strengthened the moderate and conservative parties at every point, correspondingly weakening the advanced liberals, the radicals and the leftists.

The foreseen result of the election under this act is a conservative douma, a douma with a majority composed of rightists, reactionaries, mild liberals, and Octobrists, so-called. The last-named are fairly progressive, but they lack the courage and the firmness to oppose the bureaucracy and to demand genuine measures of political and economic reform. The Constitutional Democrats are in a small minority, and while their ability, their strength with the educated classes and their experience will give them influence far greater than their mere numerical strength warrants, they will have no power to direct legislation and determine policy.

What the douma's majority will do, and how far it will coöperate with the ministry and receive support from it in turn, the events will show. Doubtless Premier Stolypin is a believer in gradual reform, but some of his associates are anti-constitutionalists, and the bureaucracy as a whole would like to see autocracy completely restored and the douma either abolished or reduced to advisory functions merely. Unfortunately, even among the Octobrists and the moderates there are elements that sympathize with the reactionary movement and that have affiliated with members of the "black-hundred" organization which calls itself the Union of True Russians and which is avowedly anti-parliamentary.

The country at large expects little from this "safe" and pliant douma, and has been indifferent throughout the elections and preliminaries. It is possible, however, that the third douma, by its very existence and conservatism, will prove useful to the cause of reform in Russia. The great need there is the establishment of constitutionalism as a principle, as a recognized, permanent factor in political life; any douma is better than none from this point of view.

## The Second National Trust Conference

In 1899 a national conference was held in Chicago under the auspices of the National Civic Federation to discuss the question of trusts and combinations. It proved very profitable and educational. It made the public familiar with the idea of publicity in corporate affairs as a preventive of fraud and extortion, and with the further idea of increased federal control and regulation of "interstate commerce" in the practical sense of this much-used phrase.

Since 1899 many things have happened in the political and corporate life of the country. The vigorous enforcement of the Sherman trust act, the adoption of new railroad legislation by the states and by Congress, the advocacy by the administration of federal incorporation and effective supervision over all big corporations, conflicts of jurisdiction between federal and state courts in railroad cases—these and similar phenomena appeared to call for another trust conference to discuss the changed situation, to take stock, and consider the lessons of experience with a view to future action.

The Civic Federation issued a call for a second conference, and it met in Chicago in the last week of October. It remained in session for four days and discussed every phase of the trust and corporation question. Labor, capital, the law, politics, finance and other interests were represented, and, while many differences of opinion were disclosed by the addresses and debates, the conference did not adjourn without action embodying the consensus of opinion among the delegates. Resolutions of a comprehensive character were unanimously reported to and adopted by the conference, recommending:

Legislation permitting railroad agreements for the establishment of reasonable rates so long as all such agreements are placed under the control and supervision of the commerce commission.

Legislation enlarging the scope of the bureau of cor-

porations in the Department of Commerce and Labor, and providing for full publicity in the affairs of all corporations of a monopolistic or semi-monopolistic nature, the publicity to embrace capitalization, stock issues, management, returns, etc.

The creation of a non-political and representative commission by Congress to study the whole problem of trusts and corporations—their uses and abuses—and to consider the advisability of amendments to the Sherman act as well as of additional legislation permitting certain agreements and combination for legitimate purposes, such as labor unions, farmers' alliances, and business-men's agreements, even though such combinations may involve some "restraint of trade," some diminution of competition, and also legislation requiring federal licenses of large corporations and regulating stock and franchise ownership by corporations as a means of controlling other corporations.

The feeling of the conference was that the industrial conditions have so changed since 1899 that thorough revision of our corporation and trust laws has become necessary, and that only an expert and nonpartisan commission could determine the alterations needed to enforce honesty and responsibility without carrying regulation too far.

On such questions as tariff reform, as an anti-trust weapon, injunctions, the conflict of jurisdiction, the conference took no action. The sentiment for increased federal regulation was very strong, but the question of state versus federal regulation was also referred to the proposed commission.

The conference undoubtedly reflected public opinion and its resolution may be given effect at an early day.



### The Letters of James Russell Lowell

Few book-hungry children in these days, browsing through the family library, are confronted with those depressing volumes entitled "Memoirs" which were the *bete*

*noir* of childhood a generation ago. For Sunday reading these were apt to be a sort of first aid to the injured administered by desperate parents when the charms of the sensational Sunday school book had been exhausted. Perhaps it is some melancholy memory of this sort which has imbued certain modern readers with a dread of "Letters." One instinctively recalls the wearisomely pious reflections of estimable men and women of long ago who may have been good to live with but whose "Memoirs" seemed to lack vitality. Even "Biographies" have suffered from the stigma thus cast upon them by a too introspective age.

Happily this state of things is rapidly passing away and one needs but a few experiences with the delightful human documents which are now preserved for us in many a plump volume under the title of "Letters" to open up a new and intimate circle of friends. The varied experiences of such a career as that of Lowell give to his letters a cosmopolitan atmosphere which to the untraveled reader is almost like a journey to Europe under the tutelage of a rarely gifted guide. One gets very close to the heart of a poet also, almost unconsciously sympathizing with him as he woos the sometimes reluctant Muse, rejoicing in his successes and honors and laughing over his jokes and friendly gibes as if he were a personal friend. What a suggestion of the distractions of a diplomatic career is conveyed by his letter to Thomas Bailey Aldrich written from London in reply to Aldrich's request for a paper for *The Atlantic*:

"If I could, how gladly I would! But I am piecemealed here with so many things to do that I cannot get a minute to brood over anything as it must be brooded over if it is to have wings. It is as if a sitting hen should have to mind the doorbell. I speak as of the days of *Æsop*, which I mention lest some critic should charge me with not knowing what a mixed metaphor was—or rather incongruous conception."

Here is a glimpse of Burne-Jones as Lowell saw him:

"I spent two days in the country lately (at the George Lewises) with Burne-Jones and found him delightful. As Mrs. Lewis says, 'If he were not a great artist there would be enough left of him to make a great man of.' His series of *Perseus* (did you see any of

them?) is to my thinking the greatest achievement in art of our time or of any time. It has mannerisms which I don't like, but it is noble in conception and execution. Above all, it has the crowning gift of making an old story as new as if nobody had ever told it before. I feel as if I had heard the waves rustle under the bows of the *Argo*."

His allusion to the Carlyle-Emerson correspondence shows his estimate of the two men:

"I have been sitting like Horace's *rusticus* waiting for the stream of daily occupations to run dry, to be convinced only of the *labitur et labetur*. So I will prorogue no longer, but write a line to send you my love and to thank you for the Carlyle-Emerson correspondence, which I have read with pathetic interest. You can well imagine how many fading frescoes it brightened in the chambers of my memory. It pleased, but not surprised me in what an ampler ether and diviner air the mind and thought of Emerson dwelt, than those that were habitual to his correspondent."

But such selections could be multiplied indefinitely. One who is fortunate enough to read the letters entire will feel that he has come into contact with a high minded and winning personality and can appreciate in some measure the point of view of the friends who knew him well.



### The Minor Poets

Readers of the Chautauqua Course who, during the year, will make a study of Katharine Lee Bates' entertaining volume, "American Literature," will find no more enjoyable literary recreation than to explore some poetic by-path. The greater American poets, those whose work is best known by reason of its influence, its high literary standard, and most of all by its *amount*, are sufficiently familiar to all persons of moderate education. Lowell, Bryant, Longfellow, and Poe are on the main traveled roads of culture. It is to other less familiar muses, Lanier, Emily Dickinson, Emma Lazarus, Father Tabb, Edgar Rowland Sill, Richard Hovey, Bliss Carman, and William Vaughan Moody, to mention but a few, that the literary adventurer should address himself.

Repeated pilgrimages of homage to these shrines of

poetry are indeed in some instances rapidly transforming a mountain path to a well annotated thoroughfare. Lanier, we surmise, will soon occupy a place on the walls of many an American schoolroom. But others of these poets are destined never to occupy a "great place" in our literature, if by the phrase we mean to become the object of general admiration. They appeal not to the multitude but to a smaller and more select circle of appreciative worshippers, who find in them a peculiar and unique appeal.

The formation of a taste for some minor poet whose point of view and mode of expression are peculiarly satisfying is one of the great steps to a true literary culture. The simple poems of Emily Dickinson may have a surer poetic appeal for many than the poems of Longfellow; Sill, with his broad sympathy and sensitiveness to natural beauty may prove equally as inspiring as Bryant. And of modern singers, William Vaughan Moody, one of the greatest of the younger generation, may seem to many as great a poet as Lowell. For each of us there is probably some one poet whose mind is like ours though greater; who expresses what we should like to express but cannot. Such a one serves often as a guide to beauty, an interpreter of the infinite mystery of life.



### The Samurai Class

In the latest romance of an ideal republic, "A Modern Utopia," Mr. H. G. Wells has attempted the solution of a problem at which most social theorists have boggled: How, in a democratic state can the government be controlled, not by the average man, but by the man who is intellectually and morally above the average? Romancers, such as William Morris in his "News from Nowhere," assume that human nature is essentially good and that when freed from the evil restrictions of our governmental systems the noblest impulses of mankind will find effective expression. This is the theory upon which modern Socialists



base their hopes for a better managed world. Its direct opposite is the theory still held by economists of the old school that every man is essentially selfish, devoting himself primarily to his own material advancement. Between these extreme positions there seems some ground for compromise. Such a ground is taken by Mr. Wells in his interesting and scientific attempt to solve the world-old problem of good government.

Mr. Wells, who is a thorough scientist and scholar, a sociologist of great attainments, does not assume for his world state any marvellous transformation of human nature. It is true that in his Utopia many vicious elements of our civilization have been eliminated by a wise penal system and a scientific code of marriage regulations; but there still remain the widely varying types of human nature, good, bad, and indifferent, or—a better classification—selfish and altruistic. To Mr. Wells the political problem of Utopia is how to make use of the forces of altruism which in our ill-governed world of today find inadequate expression.

The recognition by a scientist and sociologist of the possibilities of this characteristic of human nature constitutes a distinct step in social theory. The average citizen has always felt that the devotion which prompts such sacrifice as characterized the life work of Howard, Wilberforce, Florence Nightingale, Arnold Toynbee, and in our day and country Jane Addams, Jacob Riis, and Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell, is illustrative of the best aspirations in human nature, aspirations common in some degree to the greater part of mankind. But the recognition of this altruistic force as one to be counted upon in a high type of political organization is a novel and refreshing departure from the rather unideal conceptions which characterize much social speculation.

In the organization of the forces of idealism in the "Modern Utopia," Mr. Wells develops the most interesting political conception in his book—that of the *Samurai* class.



The Samurai are the men and women, who, with certain educational and intellectual qualifications (attainable by all earnest persons of a good intelligence), devote themselves to the work of government in all its important aspects. The rewards for the work beyond a comfortable living are the work itself, the joy of self sacrifice for the sake of others, and the honor which (in an enlightened society) is of necessity accorded those who, for small material return, do important and difficult work for the race. The class is not hereditary, nor rigidly self perpetuating: all who pass the examinations and adhere to the rules of the order may be members of it. But the rules of life enjoin a certain number of healthful restrictions, abstinence from some minor enjoyments, harmless in themselves but the sacrifice of which involves the exercise of self control and makes for moral health. There are rules of diet—not oppressive—rules involving intercourse with one's fellows, a prescribed amount of travel, a constant amount of intellectual effort, etc. Throughout the regulations the purpose is manifest: to encourage highminded men and women to service for the State, but to encourage them only by appeals to the best qualities within them, minimizing all purely material rewards and sensual pleasures.

Whether or not one agrees with Mr. Wells' theories of society and government, this conception of a *Samurai* class must appeal as novel and interesting, based on a high faith in the possibilities of what is best in human nature.



### Observe the Immigrant

In an illuminating passage of her great book, "Newer Ideals of Peace," Miss Jane Addams pictures a striking contrast made possible by the foreign immigrants to America, who, under alien conditions, observe the ancient traditions of their forefathers:

"Perhaps the most striking reproach to the materialism of Chicago is the sight on a solemn Jewish holiday of a Chicago River bridge lined with men and women oblivious of the noisy traffic and sordid surroundings, casting their sins upon the waters that they may be carried away."

The theme is fit material for the American Dickens whose advent we await: old world customs of immemorial origin surviving under new skies and in an inharmonious setting.

American cities are rich in such material. The foreign quarters of New York, San Francisco, and New Orleans contain many contrasts fully as striking. In the Ghetto of a great American city the Friday market day with its open fish markets, its loud voiced fruit vendors, affords a continually stimulating picture, strangely out of harmony with American conditions. A Yiddish theater, or an Italian puppet show, a Greek church, or Jewish synagogue offers the same bizarre contrast, and the American citizen who is interested in the fusing process which is making the new cosmopolitan American from the European immigrant, would do well at times to seek out the easily accessible places where the process is now to be studied.

Nor is it necessary to live in a great city to get glimpses of the life of our immigrant classes. Throughout the country colonies of Italians, Swedes, Germans, and Jews are engaged in farming, fruit culture, and the like. The traditions and customs which they bring with them from Europe are well worth study and preservation. A sympathetic encouragement will do much to aid these newly arrived citizens to perpetuate valuable arts and picturesque traditions, elements which will be of worth in the America of the future. And if the interest of the observer take no practical form of encouragement it is none the less of value to himself. The Swedish wedding courier, as he rides from house to house visiting the servant girls, his hat bedecked with gaily colored ribbons, embodies in his gaudy person a wealth of folk tradition which should excite the interest and invite the study of every American.

## Note and Comment

In *Charities* for October 19 there is a brief but excellent account of "The New Ellis Island" which Commissioner of Immigration Watchorn is creating. Under Mr. Watchorn's direction every effort is being made to provide comfortable and hygienic quarters for our new immigrants detained for inspection. Improvements have been made in dormitories, dining rooms, hospitals, baggage rooms, etc., and as a result the immigrant will henceforth be lodged in decency and comfort.



Emigrant Steamship Lines—Consul-General S. Listoe reports that two new steam ship lines have lately begun to carry passengers, chiefly steerage, between Rotterdam and New York. Both the lines sail under the Russian flag and have their headquarters at Libau, Russia, from which port their respective steamers start fortnightly for the United States, touching at Rotterdam, which port they generally reach on alternate Saturdays, for coal and passengers. So far, however, their emigrant trade at this port has not been very large, none of the steamers at any sailing having taken on more than 175 passengers, and the number carried from Rotterdam having generally run between forty and 150. The emigrants taken on here, as well as their baggage, are inspected by a consular officer.—*Charities*.



Aiding Baltimore Immigrants—Eight hundred and twelve Jewish immigrants landed at the port of Baltimore during the month of August. The Baron de Hirsch Committee assisted forty-one persons who settled in Baltimore, granted transportation to one, and assisted forty others to more distant points.—*Charities*.



The Society for Italian Immigrants, of 17 Pearl street, New York, has issued its news sheet for the six months ending with June. The number of Italians registered at the society's office, to be escorted to their destinations was 16,367; 15,084 left the office with the society's guides, 3,348 left the office with relatives. The news sheet describes typical cases that were helped.

"In the case of Alessi Caloggero the society successfully contended to have him admitted in spite of his tender thirteen years. Alessi was a precocious barber, and during his detention at Ellis Island occupied himself in shaving all the detained men, of whatever nationality, earning thereby much money. The society appealed his case, and pleaded that this kind of a boy would never become a public charge. The appeal was sustained, and the boy is now reported to be employed by one of the best barbers in New York."—*Charities*.

## MARCIA ANNUNCIATA AND HER ITALIAN CHILDREN.

What the royal builder of Babylon's famous hanging garden did for his queen, Antonio Destefano who "works with pick and shovel-a" has tried to do for his little sad-faced wife, who says she "no like America" and pines for sunny Palermo. "At Italia I big—so!" she says, indicating by a gesture the generous outlines of the figure she once possessed; "and I looked—so," wreathing her face in smiles, "but in America—" and disconsolately down-curved lips indicated the depths of her homesickness. But in the garden which Mr. Destefano has fenced in on the roof, she became bright and animated.

The home of Antonio Destefano and his wife Maria Annunciata is on the third floor of a shabby house in one of Baltimore's "mean streets." The first floor is occupied by a shirt and overall factory; another Italian family lives on the second floor and the women are sitting waist deep in a pile of pants which are to be "finished" by night. Then passing through Mr. Destefano's rooms, scantily furnished with cheap, aggressively American furniture, and up a steep ladder leading to the roof, one finds one's self in a "little Italy" eight feet wide by twelve feet long. This roof garden has produced a few ears of corn, there are two or three bean pods left for seed on the withered vine, and a sickly looking tomato plant is making a hopeless struggle for existence, but these are only concessions to the practical demands of every-day life in Baltimore. Really it is a garden of sentiment, where gourds, sweet smelling mint and peppermint and bright colored peppers remind Mrs. Destefano of the beloved "Italia" and furnish the Italian element in the daily bill of fare.

The plants grow in shallow boxes arranged along the picket fence which surrounds the enclosure and, when asked whence came the soil they contained, Mrs. Destefano pointed to the street, paved with cobble stones, leaving it to be inferred that the waste and refuse of the street cleaner's cart supplied the earth in which her treasures thrive.

This roof garden is but a further development of the window gardens almost invariably present in the Italian quarter, but it suggests the possibility of turning the tenement roof to good account, in a way which will help to bring the tenement dweller out in the open. Poor Paolo Retaliata is coughing his life away at the door of his house in the adjoining block, breathing air laden with all the manifold impurities of the narrow, ill-kept street. If he had had a roof garden for his hobby and had worked in it in the intervals of plying the shoemaker's trade, it is possible that he might not have been a hopeless consumptive today. For though such roof gardens cannot be expected to supplement to any great extent the food supply of the family, they might serve to induce the voluntary "shut ins" of the tenements to spend a portion of their time in the comparatively pure air which may be found at the roof level of the houses in which they live.—*From Charities.*



## A Century of Foreign Criticism on The United States--A Study of Progress.\*

### VII. The Mother Country as a Critic.

By John Graham Brooks.

**I**F it is true that no quarrel may take on more virulence than that within one's own family, the fact may account for the extreme rancor of feeling against England that continues a generation after the War of 1812. I do not see in the evidence, a sign that England "hated the United States," as was so often said. Until after the Civil War we were not thought important enough to inspire that feeling. She had merely an unintelligent contempt for us. This led her to ignore or to trample on every sensitive nerve in the national body. Sir George Otto Trevelyan, who justifies our Revolution in three volumes with an extreme of gallantry that excites some astonishment, uses a truer word to characterize the English feeling—"antipathy." He says that the uniform picture of our character was "daubed in colors which resembled the original as little as they matched each other." The men of Massachusetts were "sly and

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\*Mr. Brooks' series of articles will run throughout the reading year (September-May). The September articles were: I. "The Problem Opened;" II. "Concerning Our Critics. October: III. "Who is the American?" IV. Our Talent for Bragging." November: V. "Some Other Peculiarities;" VI. "American Sensitiveness."

turbulent, puritans and scoundrels, pugnacious ruffians and arrant cowards." That was the constant theme of the newspapers and the favorite topic of those officers of the army of occupation whose letters had gone the round of London clubs and English country houses. "The archives of the Secretary of State were full of trite calumnies and foolish prophecies."\* It was the worse because, he says, the governing classes had the least understanding of us. They represented the Americans as a "tumultuous rabble meddling with affairs of state which they were unable to understand."†

The touch of Matthew Arnold is perhaps just as true when he says:

"The British rule which they threw off was not one of oppressors and tyrants which declaimers suppose, and the merit of the Americans was not that of oppressed men rising against tyrants, but rather of sensible young people getting rid of stupid and overweening guardians who misunderstood and mismanaged them."‡

It was this "stupid and overweening" mismanagement and misunderstanding of national feeling in the United States that was England's real fault. On our side there was plenty of rancor and plain hatred. The evidence has to be supplemented by the "national sensitiveness," with which the last chapter dealt, before it is quite possible to appreciate the malignity which early English criticism stirred in this country. It would be ill-advised to call up these chattering ghosts, if both nations had not now grown sensible enough and strong enough to join in the laugh against those musty and heavy-witted animosities. If England exhibited an incredible lack of tact as to everything which concerned popular feeling in this country, we too were often over-fussy and childish about our prerogatives. Under the subject of American supersensitiveness, we have seen how the newspaper habit among our people brought a steady downpour of galling criticism from British sources. Nothing corresponding to this was happening in England, for ordinary folk.

\*"The American Revolution," Part I, p. 176.

†*Ibid.*, p. 178.

‡"Civilization in the United States," p. 116.

A small part of the cultivated classes in England read the books written by their travelers.\* In the great reviews, men of letters like Sidney Smith and Gifford were using this collected material to put us on the rack. The lengths to which these leaders of English opinion went will be believed by no one who does not look at the record. The *Edinburgh, Quarterly, Blackwood*, and the *British Review* were all in it, as if there were a conspiracy to make the United States an object of common obloquy. It was believed in this country that the Poet Laureate, Southey, wrote one of the most contemptuous of these articles. The great Wordsworth penned lines like the following:

"All who revere the memory of Penn  
Grieve for the land on whose wild woods his name  
Was fondly grafted with a virtuous aim,  
Renounced, abandoned, by degenerate men,  
For state-dishonor black as ever came  
To upper air from Mammon's loathsome den."

Again he puts into his gentle cadence such opinions about our society as this:

"Big passions strutting on a petty stage  
Which a detached spectator may regard  
Not unamused. But ridicule demands  
Quick change of objects; and to laugh alone  
In the very center of the crowd  
To keep the secret of a poignant scorn," etc.

This venerable seer did not get his "poignant scorn" from local observation but wholly from what English books and travelers had told him.

We had our own sins in this tradition of ill will. We cannot omit minor irritants like the scandalous behavior of some of our States in the non-payment of their debts. It was this which gave venom to the slurs of Sidney Smith and the Poet Wordsworth.† It was this which rankled in the

\*Chevalier says, "Almost all English travelers in this country have seen a great deal that was bad and scarcely anything that is good." P. 106.

†See Sonnets VIII and IX, Vol. IV, Poetical Works, Boston, 1864.



minds of hundreds of English investors and was so savagely reflected in at least ten years of this criticism. Nothing more nettled Americans than the English habit of scourging the entire country for the sins of exceptional States. To include Massachusetts with her honorable record, in the same category with the shame of Mississippi, seemed to inhabitants of the State which paid its debt, an outrage on the country as a whole. Neither can the natural wrath of the English over our long pirating of their books go unmentioned. The historian Sparks had a correspondence with de Tocqueville about the delays and difficulties in getting his book published in this country. He finds it unpleasant to explain why the author could expect no money from the publisher. An English author refuses to set foot in this country because of this "organized national thieving." Kipling reveals this feeling in the following:

"Oliver Wendell Holmes says that the Yankee school-marm, the cider, and the salt codfish of the Eastern States, are responsible for what he calls a nasal accent. I know better. They stole books from across the water without paying for 'em, and the snort of delight was fixed in their nostrils forever by a just Providence. That is why they talk a foreign tongue today."\*

These incidental raspings do not, however, account for the main trouble.

As early as 1814 the *Quarterly Review* began this "crusade of vituperation." We were depicted as a people devoid of every common decency. We had neither religion, manners, nor morals. The replies of Timothy Dwight and J. K. Paulding published in New York, 1815, stimulated counter attacks in later English Reviews.

We did not like being told that our ships could not fight; that the "Frolic surrendered without firing a shot;" that we were "the most vain, egotistical, insolent, rodomontade sort of people that are anywhere to be found;" that "the supreme felicity of a true-born American is inaction of body and inactivity of mind." We were "techy," "wayward," and

\*"American Notes," p. 20; Boston, 1899.



"abandoned to bad nurses" and like spoiled children "educated to low habits." The *Quarterly Review* printed pleasantries like these. Franklin was idolized among us for gifts that are thus characterized in that Review:

"Franklin, in grinding his electrical machine and flying his kite, did certainly elicit some useful discoveries in a branch of science that had not much engaged the attention of the philosophers of Europe. But the foundation of Franklin's knowledge was laid not in America, but in London. Besides, half of what he wrote was stolen from others, and the greater part of the rest was not worth preserving."\*

We were "too proud to learn and too ignorant to teach, and having established by act of Congress that they are already the most enlightened people in the world, they bid fair to retain their barbarism from mere regard to consistency." This insolent ribaldry is not from the pens of hungry journalists. It is the expressed conviction of literary and socially distinguished men. It continued pretty steadily for a generation. Here are a few tid-bits from the *Foreign Quarterly* as late as 1844. We have: "Swagger and impudence," "As yet the American is horn-handed and pig-headed, hard, persevering, unscrupulous, carnivorous; with a genius for lying." We are a "brigand confederation"—"Outrage and disorder and naked licentiousness" were rife, and everywhere was "that depravity that rots like a canker at the core of American society."

Thomas Brothers concludes thus, "I believe there to be in the United States more taxation, poverty, and general oppression than ever known in any other country."†

Three years later Dickens wrote, "That republic but yesterday let loose upon her noble course, and today so maimed and lame, so full of sores and ulcers, that her best friends turn from the loathsome creature in disgust."

There were nearly ten years of this inflamed scurrility before an attempt was made in *Blackwood's Magazine* to

\**Quarterly Review*, No. 20.

†"The United States of North America as They Are," p. 228; Thomas Brothers, London, 1840.

counteract the harm done by this English tone. A writer then warned the English that they would "turn into bitterness the last drops of good will toward England that exist in the United States."

A little earlier this magazine said,

"The tendencies of our Constitution toward democracy have been checked solely by the view of the tattered and insolent guise in which republicanism had appeared in America."

One of the most careful of our critics who studied us for three years felt this danger. He cries out:

"Why, in God's name, should we not give every assurance of respect and affection? Are they not our children, blood of our blood and bone of our bone? Are they not progressive, and fond of power, like ourselves? Are they not our best customers? Have they not the same old English, manly virtues? What is more befitting for us Englishmen, than to watch with intense study and deepest sympathy the momentous strivings of this noble people? It is the same fight we ourselves are fighting—the true and absolute supremacy of Right. Surely nothing can more beseem two great and kindred nations, than to aid and comfort one another in that career of self-ennoblement, which is the end of all national as well as individual existence."\*

There is pathos too in the words of Washington Irving:

"Is this golden bond of kindred sympathies, so rare between nations, to be broken forever? Perhaps it is for the best: it may dispel an illusion which might have kept us in mental vassalage; which might have interfered occasionally with our true interests, and prevented the growth of proper national pride. But it is hard to give up the kindred tie; and there are feelings dearer than interest, closer to the heart than pride, that will still make us cast back a look of regret, as we wander farther and farther from the paternal roof, and lament the waywardness of the parent that would repel the affections of the child."

It is clear to us at this distance, that these English reviewers got a genuine pleasure out of the books which most roundly abused us (Fearon, Brothers, Welby, Ashe, Harris, Faux, and Bradbury). We had won our independence and

\*James Stirling, "Letters from the Slave States."

made it extremely uncomfortable for England in 1812. Her prestige and national vanity had suffered from these events. She suffered the more because of the trumpet tones in which we bragged over these victories. They were organized into permanent memorials about which the high tides of oratory, song, and editorials flowed and ebbed as if by force of nature. An Englishman, unhappy enough to arrive here a few days before July 4, 1819, writes:

"I know we came off rather lamely in the Revolutionary War, but I never realized before, that we began by being cowards and bullies and ended by being annihilated in every fight. I had always supposed we English whipped them at Bunker Hill, but these Yankees have turned it into a victory that ranks with Thermopolæ and Waterloo. Even our English warships were swept from the sea, and men that I never heard of are greater than Nelson at Trafalgar."

As one follows these Englishmen about, it is impossible to withhold sympathy for them. There was not the slightest hesitation in rubbing in all the old victories and in all ways belittling English behavior in both wars.

Nor was our form of government less irritating, especially when we insisted that the poor foreigner should forthwith admire it. De Tocqueville intimates that his approval would have had freer expression, if he had not been so insistently *expected* to approve. Our democracy was itself an affront to all Tory sentiment. Whether it were to succeed or fail, it was an embodied challenge to the Mother Country. It was not merely the dropping of a King and a hereditary House of Lords, but the separation of Church and State, the doing away with primogeniture and property qualification for the vote, the wide extension of the suffrage, which one and all seemed to strike at what were fundamental and venerated English traditions. There is a strong passage in Trevelyan which runs thus:

"But in order to comprehend a policy which lay so far outside the known and ordinary limits of human infatuation, it must never be forgotten that there was a deeper and a more impassable gulf than the Atlantic between the Colonists and their rulers. If Cabinet Ministers at home had known the Americans better, they

would only have loved them less. The higher up in the peerage an Englishman stood, and the nearer to influence and power, the more unlikely it was that he would be in sympathy with his brethren across the seas, or that he would be capable of respecting their susceptibilities, and of apprehending their virtues, which were less to his taste even than their imperfections."\*

The English statesman John Morley has this striking confirmation of these words in discussing Maine's "Popular Government:"

"The success of popular government across the Atlantic has been the strongest incentive to the extension of popular government here. We need go no further back than the Reform Bill of 1867 to remind ourselves that the victory of the North over the South had more to do with the concession of the franchise to householders in boroughs than all the eloquence of Mr. Gladstone and all the diplomacies of Mr. Disraeli.†

We have learned, as in the case of murdered Italians in Louisiana and affronted Japanese in California, that our States are related to the Federal Government in ways that have been an honest perplexity to all foreigners. It was one of Mr. Bryce's great services to make this relation so clear as to render further ignorance of it less excusable.

During the period we are considering there was practically no conception of this relation of state to central government among the critics whose censure was most resented. We can therefore at last not only understand, but make some measure of allowance for the caviler. We can even forgive that shining wit, Sidney Smith, for saying that all our literature was imported; that Franklin's fame might possibly last for fifty years and that "prairies, steamboats, grist mills" were our proper heritage.

This long wordy tiff, with much spite and heart-burning in it, continued until the middle of the century. The shrill note of it begins then to soften, partly, I think, because so many sensible men on both sides became tired and ashamed of it. Its humiliation was that cultivated men

\*Part I, pp. 44 and 45.

†"Studies in Literature," pp. 125-6.

should lend themselves to such a cause. Among the average mass of men, anything like international amenity and real understanding is but just beginning on the earth. Think of two nations as advanced as England and France living century after century hard by each other, and until the most recent years having merely contempt for each other, the average Englishman thinking that a Frenchman was a kind of monkey with clothes on, and that chiefly because he had a different manner and speech from the English. Though from the same trunk and with a common speech, there was almost as much misapprehension between England and this country. It was not caused by primitive race antagonism or too close national rivalry, as between England and France. The misunderstanding was, nevertheless, quite as natural and probably as inevitable.

In Chapter VIII we shall see it passing away for reasons that are humorous in their simplicity, chiefly because so many people in both countries have seen each other closely enough and often enough to gain a common respect one for the other. A distinguished Englishman who has just been lecturing in this country put a world of good sense into these words, "I would not have believed that six weeks' good fellowship here in the States could have burned all out of me the amount of ignorance and prejudice that I brought to this country." That has happened to many thousands in both countries since the Civil War. This intelligent sympathy was never increasing so rapidly as at present, and it will continue with growing hopefulness in the future. At least with peoples not too widely separated by cultural stages, this elementary understanding has infinite promise. The possibilities and business necessities of modern travel are rapidly doing this fundamental work of making people so far known to each other, as to train them into neighborly habits and into a toleration of superficial differences.

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The chief change in this history of criticism is that we have now reached a stage in which men of enlarged expe-

rience are writing books for the express purpose of creating an intelligent good-will among nations. Into this purposed brotherhood come men like Bryce, Trevelyan, Archer, Muirhead, Münsterberg, Abbé Klein, Von Polenz, De Rousier, with an interpreting message, every line of which is an added tie of friendly feeling and tolerance among peoples isolated by geographic lines but sundered even more by prejudice and ignorance. In the common darkness of this national and race misunderstanding, the Devil's main work is now carried on in our present world. In this misunderstanding are the sustaining roots of the immense stupidity which still assumes that the permanent good of this or that nation is bought at the price of some other people's discomfiture or undoing. From the same source spring the low cruelties of modern warfare. Our continued bungling with defective children, delinquent youth and large classes of criminals will end only when we learn to *understand*. Some brave steps have been taken toward this saving tolerance. Upon its extension at home and abroad depends all that is meant by the word civilization.

## VIII. Changes of Tone in Foreign Criticism.

**T**HE changes noted in this chapter are largely English, although French writers like Bourget, Madam Blanc and Paul Adam; Germans like Münsterberg, von Polenz, and Grillenberger indicate a corresponding change of temper. The condescension is gone, or is rapidly disappearing. The visitor is studying a people that may disturb and irritate him, but our rough beginnings have taken on proportions that command a new kind of attention. It is not so much what we have definitely achieved, as it is the unmistakable promise of achievement, that arouses new homage. For a half century there has been no question of our material exploits. These have had compliments and marveling enough.

It is the whole cultural side of life in the United States that has been put in question. Could we create literature, develop science, paint pictures; could we reach first rate educational standards or even learn to appreciate the best music? Values like these, with softened manners and a pleasant voice, were what seemed to older observers rather hopelessly beyond our attainment.

There are many still to deny our entire possession of these gifts, but that we have proved our desire for them and a very encouraging purpose to win them, is heartily conceded by competent Continental judges.

The changes of judgment among the English do not come through any of these refinements. England began really to respect us because of the national strength displayed in the Civil War. The enduring valor, the sacrifice for an idea both North and South; the tenacity of the entire people and the ready acceptance of the result, were one and all arguments that are finalities to practical men of Anglo-Saxon origin. Barring a few holiday skits, the critical atmosphere changes after this date as by some cleansing storm. Mr. Bryce says that philosophers from Plato to Sir Robert Lowe have attributed "weakness in emergencies" to democracies, and further that Europeans had concluded (partly from internal dissensions and our habit of too much blustering) that we "lacked firmness and vigor." The Civil War, he says, undeceived Europe. "The North put forth its power with a suddenness and resolution which surprised the world.\* "The Southern people displayed no less vigor, even when the tide had evidently begun to turn against them." This Saxon trait of bowing to the hard fact of success appeared again when the Spanish ships went to pieces before American guns.

The eye of the foreigner noted other events like that of Northern and Southern armies quietly going to their ordinary tasks after Appomattox. Especially England watched the popular frenzy that raged about the attempt

\*"American Commonwealth," Vol. II, p. 437.

to impeach Andrew Johnson. One of the ablest of English publicists, Walter Bagehot, wrote, "Few nations, perhaps scarcely any nation, could have borne such a trial so easily and so perfectly." The effect was no less telling when it appeared that a stupendous national debt was to be honestly met and rapidly paid off. From Gladstone this resolute facing of debts won for us the following tribute:

"In twelve years she [America] has reduced her debt by one hundred and fifty-eight million pounds, or at the rate of thirteen million pounds for each year. In each twelve months she has done what we did in eight years; her self-command, self-denial, and wise forethought of the future have been, to say the least, eightfold ours. These are facts which redounded greatly to her honor; and the historian will record with surprise that an enfranchised nation tolerated burdens which in this country a selected class, possessed of the representation, did not dare to face, and that the most unmitigated Democracy known to the annals of the world resolutely reduced at its own cost prospective liabilities of the State which the aristocratic, and plutocratic, and monarchical Government of the United Kingdom had been contented ignobly to hand over to posterity."

Forty years after the war John Morley wrote:

"Of this immense conflict Mr. Gladstone, like most of the leading statesmen of the time, and like the majority of his own countrymen, failed to take the true measure. The error that lay at the root of our English misconceptions of the American struggle is now clear. We applied ordinary political maxims to what was not merely a political contest, but a social revolution."\*

The change here indicated appears at once among the writers who come after the war. They seem for the first time really to *see* the United States. It is as if most writers before this event had been watching, not the United States, but some idea of our country which they brought with them. From now on, there is a new deference; even a good show of modesty in passing judgment on complicated social phenomena. There is not only more regard for American feeling, but a more conscientious attempt to interpret the objects under observation. The old platitudes are questioned;

\*"Life of Gladstone," Vol. II, p. 70.

the conventional repetition of supposed peculiarities no longer satisfies. This has to be shown through trivial illustrations and by repeating some of our alleged characteristics. Yet it is these very trivialities that occupy half the space in these travel books. Whatever space is still given to them, there is an altered attitude as to their interpretation. "Why," says one, "should a whole nation set itself so joyously to the rhythmic use of the rocking chair, unless this motion answers some physiological need? I thought at first it was devised for some special form of nervous diseases, but I soon came to find how much solid comfort I could have in it."

A temper like that applied to every phase of a nation's life would give us a new critical standard. It reminds us of Huxley's definition of science, as "organized common sense." Its luminous advantage is that objects and experiences are so studied that one sees them in relation to the social and historic whole of which they are a part. There was in our Civil War an intensity of dramatic effect upon foreign observers that did much to create this new temper. There are many references to it in those who come after 1866. They seem to be saying, "Well, well, we had no idea that there was so much in you; that you had such reserves of strength or that you cared so much for ideals. We shall have to make of you a new study." I heard a German writer say that the United States appeared to him absolutely destitute of all ideals until he followed the story of the war. "Then," he added, "I saw that no people had more stuff for heroism than the American." Our country had only been seen by bits. As a *whole* it had never been the object of study. I do not mean by this, that one must live here twenty years or see every State, but that some conception of the infinite variation of life and problems here is fundamentally requisite. It is requisite for this reason, that without some sense of these differences in social structure and development, no helpful comparison of things that

properly go together is possible. I heard one of the most widely known of living Englishmen say, "There is no scenery in the United States." Our coast line, with one or two slight exceptions (as on the coast of Maine), he thought tame and uninteresting. The character and grouping of our Rocky Mountains, he said, were not "scenery" in any proper sense—and so on.

Now this criticism, true or false, depends upon comparison. The critic had in mind the varied magnificence of Switzerland with its splendor of color in snow, verdure and water effects, or he was bringing together in his imagination other parts of the world side by side with his mental picture of this country. If we could once agree upon a definition of "scenery," these comparisons would assist us just so far as our observations covered the ground. But scenery is an affair of esthetic taste, about which the only certainty is that these tastes will differ. It is not alone a matter of coast lines or mountain groupings. Upon a score of our smaller rivers, with their soft curves and stretching meadows; in a hundred dainty nooks among the New England and Southern hills; in the sweep and perspective of the great plains beyond the Mississippi, what is it that gives the thrill if it is not scenery? This is a composite and inclusive term. Going South from Pueblo, Colorado, the train seems to sink as into a vast shallow cup with the Spanish Peaks on the far outer rim. I saw it once in an evening light so gorgeous in its intensity that it gave one a kind of pain to look upon it, because there was no way to express the pressure of emotion it excited. If that was not scenery, what name are we to give it?

Washington Irving had an eye for natural beauty. He said, "Never need an American look beyond his own country for the sublime and beautiful of natural scenery." Some varieties at their highest we may lack, but other varieties surely are ours.

As we know our country better in quite other than its



American Bookmen Scalping an English Author.  
(Cartoon in *Punch* in 1847 Satirizing American Piracy of English Books.)

natural aspects, we shall apply this same test to all these critical decisions. We shall ask in morals, in education, in things social and material, that the comparison recognize this almost measureless diversity in the totality of American life. To see something of this completer relation requires long and concentrated study or an imagination like that of H. G. Wells.

This is a digression, but it should light up a little this point: that the recent visitors (those with even the least competence as critics) seem at last honestly to feel and to confess some sense of the magnitude and diversity of their task.

Let us appeal again to the trivialities. Our "national habit of drinking ice water" was invariably spoken of earlier as an inexcusable freak. Even Stevens in his "Land of the Dollar" continues the tradition:

## "THE CALIFORNIAN OUTFIT."

(Poem in *Punch* in 1849 accompanying cartoon on opposite page. Both verse and drawing illustrate the onetime English conception of the American,—his uncouthness, his lawlessness, and his provincial speech.)

Now Natur's comin' out I guess,  
And puttin' on her vernal dress;  
The blooms on shrub and-tree as blows  
Looks like their go-to-meetin' clothes.  
And lawful heart! when I behold  
The sun tinge them young leaves with gold,  
My thoughts to Californy turns,  
The land where every critter earns  
Off his own hook, the least to say,  
A hundred dollars in a day.  
But he as to the Diggins goes  
In course must have a suit of clothes;  
Well, at our store we sell the best,  
Hat, jacket, trousers, boots, and vest:  
But this aint all you'll want—oh no!  
If you to Californy go.  
You'll want

## A RIFLE

Just to keep  
Your diggins clear. We sell 'em cheap.  
At good five hundred yards they kill  
In hands as "draws the bead" with skill.

## A PAIR OF GOOD REVOLVERS

Too

Is indispensable to you  
To give your fellow laborers plums,  
To rob your pillow when they comes;  
We do 'em at the lowest figure,  
Just only try one on a nigger.

## A BOWIE KNIFE

You'll also need  
Ours are the best—they are, indeed.

## A DIRK

Besides you'll useful find,  
To pink a feller in the wind.  
The best and cheapest we affords,  
And likewise recommends our

## SWORDS,

Which, if you comes for to our shop,  
I estimate you'll find first chop.  
This is the Outfit for the Diggins  
You gets at Hezekiah Higgins'.





The Californian Outfit.

(Cartoon in *Punch* in 1849 during California Gold Fever. See Poem on Opposite Page Illustrating English Conception of the American of the Time.)

"It is more indispensable than a napkin, and the waiter who will keep you waiting ten minutes for bread, will rush wildly for the bottle if your ice-water sinks half an inch below the brim of the glass. Ring a bell at any hour of the day or night—a panting attendant dashes in with ice-water. Sip, sip, sip—men, women, and little children go pouring the noxious stuff into their insides. The effect of this ice-water habit on the national constitution can only be most disastrous."\*

We have the new temper of which I speak in Mr. Muirhead's "Land of Contrasts," in which he begs to

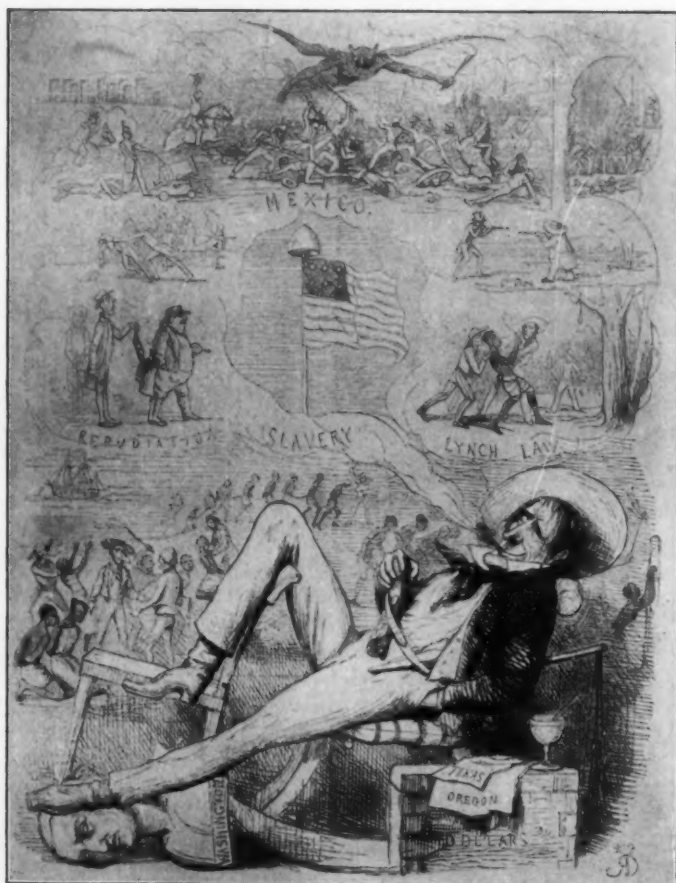
"Warn the British visitor to suspend his judgment until he has been some time in the country. I certainly was not prejudiced in favor of this chilly draught when I started for the United States, but I soon came to find it natural and even necessary, and as much so from the dry hot air of the stove-heated room in winter as from the natural ambition of the mercury in summer. On the whole, it may be philosophic to conclude that a universal habit in any country has some solid if cryptic reason for its existence, and to surmise that the drinking of ice-water is not so deadly in the States as it might be elsewhere."

Yes, it is "philosophic to conclude" that a "universal habit" among a people may have something to say for itself; that it is not to be accounted for by any snap-shot impressions. There is scarcely one of the commonplace parrot phrases that is not now being carefully revised.

"American houses and cars are like a lot of ovens." "You may travel a month without seeing a human being who seems to be at leisure." "Their politicians are invariably below the average in intelligence and morals." "They are gloomily silent." "The American voice has a grating quality that sets every nerve on edge." There is some truth in every one of those statements, and in two of them there is a great deal of truth. That our houses and cars are very generally overheated, we know well. It would be truer to say that we used our heat too jerkily; that it runs to extremes of heat and cold, as on our trains. But here at last comes an Englishman who "sees a great deal of home life in several cities during four months." He says, "I looked



Cartoon from *Punch* in 1846 (during Oregon Boundary Controversy).  
"Ridiculous Exhibition; or, Yankee-Noodle Putting his Head into the British Lion's Mouth."



Cartoon from *Punch* in 1847  
"The Land of Liberty, Recommended to the Consideration of  
Brother Jonathan."

in vain for those stifling houses of which I had read all my life. Upon the whole, I was no more troubled by heat than I have been in London." We think he was pretty lucky, but he should go in as a witness to the change of opinions.

The third observation, that no one of us seems to have any leisure must have far more qualifying. Some recent writers will give no countenance to the generalization whatever. No one will watch the workers, even in such a whirlpool of activity as Pittsburg, without some amazement at the extremely leisurely air of whole sections of skilled workers, as well as among many heads of departments upon whom great responsibility falls. De Tocqueville has much to say of the feverish ardor with which the Americans pursue their welfare; of "the strange unrest of so many happy men, uneasy in the midst of abundance." Until the period of discrimination came, this opinion is repeated by nine out of every ten of our inspectors. Mr. Muirhead does not let the formula pass. He is much more closely accurate in the following:

"If an Englishman has a mile to go to an appointment he will take his leisurely twenty minutes to do the distance, and then settle his business in two or three dozen sentences; an American is much more likely to devour the ground in five minutes, and then spend an hour or more in lively conversation not wholly pertinent to the matter in hand."\*

That our politicians are invariably below the average morally and intellectually has a disheartening truth, so far as attention is fixed on certain city and state conditions. In our political life as a whole, there is no sense in which our representatives can be said to fall below the average. Both Bryce and Münsterberg give strong statement to this fact.

What is meant again by the frequent assertion that we are "the most silent people?" I have often heard this said by foreigners and it is many times written. I asked one

\*"The Land of Contrasts," p. 90.

A New York paper comments thus: "Everything considered, though, the real dementia Americana is hurryupitis."

of the keenest of our observers what he meant by our silence. He answered, "I mean first, that in all public places, as you travel, sit at table in hotels and restaurants, in your larger stores, on the street and in crowds, you are strangely silent.\* I ask a policeman for a street, and all I get is, 'Second turn to your left.' I ask the conductor on the trolley car to let me out at a certain point and, usually, he makes no reply whatever but—*does let me off.*† I ask the girl behind the counter for some article. Oftener than not she serves me without a word, as if I didn't exist." He hears that in our family life it is the exception to have much conversation at meals; that we do not get a pleasure out of common talk; that when the meal is over, the evening paper or whist becomes a substitute for conversation. Dickens says, "No one speaks at meals. They all seem to have tremendous secrets on their minds." One of the critics concludes that our joking habit spoils conversation. "The funny man is a national calamity." Another thinks that we are so busy that our nervous energy is exhausted and therefore we are too tired to talk. A third carries this a step further, saying that "Americans have not yet had time to develop the habits and forms of easy verbal intercourse." Still another says, "The Americans are too afraid of each other to talk much."

I have quoted these views to several of our countrymen who have had large experience. If they reflect with some care on the criticisms, they usually admit their truth as applied to a great deal of our life. On a coast steamer crowded with Americans, I saw a French family sitting together at their meals. Their conversation among themselves was incessant and day after day so full of gaiety that everybody

\*Bryce is more cautious in his statement. "They are not a loquacious people." Vol. II, p. 688.

†One wonders if this critic could have read de Amicis on the land of William the Silent. In his chapter on the Hague, he describes at length this characteristic of silence or scanty response to your inquiries. He tells of the great pains they will take to do the things you ask, *but without words*—"sans proferer une parole."

showed a kind of fascination in watching the animated group. An American observing it asked, "Why is it that we haven't sense enough at least to cultivate a habit with so much charm and health in it as that? It would cure us of our dyspepsia and many other national vices."

But with whom are we compared? Do the English people, as a whole, talk more freely than we? Do the Norwegians or the Germans? We know that Latin people have a joy in conversation which northern nations but poorly imitate. We know, also, that to a larger part of the Americans, "silence" is as little a characteristic as skyblue is of the complexion. Professor Janet wishes to set history right on this point by saying, "The Americans talk much more freely than the English and the Dutch."

That "the Americans have the worst voices known among civilized people," is a generalization much nearer the fact than that we are silent. What can have caused such a voice is many times an object of curious inquiry.\* Climate, nervous tension, ill health, especially among the women, are the most frequent explanations. Another thinks overstraining of the vocal organs during our long life on the border, when the women had to strain their voices in calling the men folks to meals, accounts for it. More astonishing, is the theory that traces our irritating utterance to the absence of monarchy and a superior class. If we had been civilized enough to keep these hallowed possessions, we should have unconsciously preserved and cultivated a subdued and deferential vocalization. Another, perhaps with the same thought, says we have bad voices because we have a bad government. Believing in democracy and the equalities, we put gruffness, loudness and bluster into the voice! As this is unnatural, it impairs the vocal organs. One other thing is full of inspiration: it is that which attri-

\* . . . I once said to a lady, "Why do you drawl out your words in that way?"

"Well," replied she, "I'd drawl all the way from Maine to Georgia rather than *clip* my words as you English people do." *Maryat*. I. 222.

butes this special inferiority to the lack of tipping waiters and dependents. The softening influence of a monarchy we have lost, but the tipping system may be made a substitute. Does it not cultivate graciousness in the giver, and mild and gentle ways in the receiver? We are told that this form of generosity, which acts automatically upwards and downwards, produces an atmosphere of good manners which includes a milder and more pliant voice. At the time of this happy exposition (1840) there was no tipping in sight, nor any hopeful sign of tipping to come. There is no doubt that the remedy is at last ours, or that it has a wide and contagious popularity. We may therefore free ourselves from this special source of worry.

I am not certain that Professor Freeman observed the effects of the tipping cure in its early stages, but he is one of the first to come to our defence in the way of intelligent and truthful observation. Instead of reckless generalization like "Americans speak with an intolerable quality of voice," he discriminates. He uses the comparative method, not alone as applied to one nation with another nation, but, of greater importance, he gets corresponding classes or sections in each country into some relation, section with section, so that a real comparison can be made. The earlier vice was to compare a selected and better class in England with the miscellaneous, rough and tumble life as seen in the American coach, train, or boarding house. We come off less badly as to voice in what Professor Freeman says,

"Some people have the twang very strongly; some have it not at all. Some, after speaking for a long time without it, will bring it in in a particular word or sentence; in others it is strongly marked when a few words are uttered suddenly, but dies off in the course of a longer conversation. And I distinctly marked that is was far more universal among women than among men."

Professor Mills (McGill University), speaking of indistinctness and muffling the voice, says, "It is found in English and German also. English speech is often hard



and guttural. German unduly guttural, if not hard; and American slovenly and horribly nasal.\* That method throws a little light on the general obscurity. It does not leave the whole sin at our doors.

At first the American press reporter is "as incredibly ignorant as he is incompetent and ill mannered." The tone is now rather that of William Archer:†

"All the pleasant expectations I brought with me to America have been realized, all the forebodings disappointed. Even the interviewer is far less terrible than I had been led to imagine. He always treated me with courtesy, sometimes with comprehension."

This is the spirit of Herbert Spencer and Dean Hole. Dean Hole says:

"I was interviewed by more than two hundred journalists of both sexes, and so far from being bored by their tedious dullness or exasperated by their inquisitive curiosity—as certain false prophets had foretold—I was universally pleased by their courtesy and instructed by their information."‡

Münsterberg, who has had much discipline at the hands of reporters, thus writes in his "Americans:" "The American journalist is usually a gentleman and can be relied on to be discreet."

A final illustration will mark still better the change of tone. A sturdy volume could be filled with assertions to the effect that beyond all nations we are consumed by the greedy passion for money. Several books bear titles like "The Land of Dollars." Many chapters either give exclusive attention to this mad hunt for lucre, or dwell upon it at great length. It may be admitted that other peoples have an incidental regard to their pecuniary interests, but we Americans make it "a seven-day religion." Harriet Martineau, so far as my record shows, was the first to challenge this criticism.

"I have studied with some care the minds and manners of a variety of merchants, and other persons engaged in commerce,

\*"Voice Production," Lippincott, 1906, p. 146.

†"America Today."

‡"A Little Tour in America."

and have certainly found a regard to money a more superficial and intermitting influence than various others.”\*

This is cautiously worded, as if she were not quite sure of her ground. Even de Tocqueville had laid this sin of money-loving upon us with a heavy hand. But this man of genius was comparing us to an upper section of European society whose income was, for the most part, earned by their tenants or other people. It has always been easy for such as these to show the most graceful indifference to money. Of the vast majority of hard working Frenchmen he is not thinking. On this point the pages of Balzac are like a mirror.† We look into them and see reflected there such a hungry regard for money and *rentes* as cannot be found in a page of American history. Chevalier was speaking of a wider class still in his country when he said, “Nowhere do you see specimens of that sordid avarice of which examples are so common among us.‡ This accurate truth-telling about the love of money in England is as pitiless in Thackeray’s novels as it is in Balzac. America has no literature which shows the sin in grosser or more prevalent form than in these two masters as they lay bare this passion among their own people.

We can now appeal on this topic to other writers. Professor Münsterberg estimates it as follows:

“The American does not prize his possessions much unless he has worked for them himself; of this there are innumerable proofs, in spite of the opposite appearances on the surface. One of the most interesting of these is the absence of the bridal dower. In Germany or France, the man looks on a wealthy marriage as one of the most reliable means of getting an income; there are whole professions which depend on a man’s eking out his entirely inadequate

\*“Society in America,” Vol. I, p. 142.

†These are words we owe to a French economist: “We buy a woman with our fortune, or we sell ourselves to her for her dower. The American chooses her, or rather offers himself to her, for her beauty, her intelligence, or her amiable qualities, and asks no other portion. Thus, whilst we make a traffic of what is most sacred, these shop-keepers exhibit a delicacy and loftiness of feeling, which have done honor to the most perfect models of chivalry.”

‡Page 303.

quate salary from property which he inherits or gets by marriage; and the eager search for a handsome dowry—in fact, the general commercial character of marriage in reputable European society everywhere—always surprises Americans. Everywhere one sees the daughters of wealthy families stepping into the modest homes of their husbands, and these husbands would feel it to be a disgrace to depend on their prosperous fathers-in-law. An actual dowry received from the bride's parents during their lifetime is virtually unknown. Another instance of American contempt for unearned wealth, which especially contrasts with European customs, is the disapproval which the American always has for lotteries. If he were really bent on getting money, he would find the dowry and the lottery a ready means.”\*

“The American chases after money with all his might, exactly as on the tennis-court he tries to hit the ball, and it is the game he likes *and not the prize*. If he loses he does not feel as if he had lost a part of himself, but only as if he had lost the last set in a tournament.”†

Earlier still Mr. Bryce wrote, “A millionaire has a better and easier social career open to him in England than in America. In America, if his private character be bad, if he be mean, or openly immoral, or personally vulgar, or dishonest, the best society will keep its doors closed against him. In England great wealth, skilfully employed, will more readily force these doors to open. For in England, great wealth can, by using the appropriate methods, practically buy rank from those who bestow it; or by obliging persons whose position enables them to command fashionable society, can induce them to stand sponsors for the upstart, and force him into society, a thing which no person in America has the power to do.”‡

In general, what has increased this new tone in our favor is unquestionably the advent of the United States as a “World Power.” Whether this new role is to fit us or unfit us, is open to doubt, but the kind of impression it has made abroad, is not open to doubt.

\*“The Americans,” p. 231.

†*Ibid.*, p. 234.

‡“American Commonwealth,” Vol. II, p. 604.

At the opening of the twentieth century, one of the most brilliant of English journalists begins his Preface with the words,\* "The advent of the United States of America as the greatest of world powers is the greatest political, social, and commercial phenomenon of our times." He says, "That the United States of America have now arrived at such a pitch of power and prosperity as to have a right to claim the leading place among English speaking nations cannot be disputed." Then with much power he pleads for a vitalized union of English and American interests. He quotes Balfour's words, "The idea of a war with the United States of America carries with it something of the unnatural horror of civil war." He adds passages from Gladstone and Cecil Rhodes which ring with the same world note. He even reports Lord Derby when in Gladstone's cabinet as saying to Dr. Dillon, "The highest ideal I can look forward to in the future of my country is that the time may come when we may be admitted into the American Union as States in one great federation."† This outsteps Professor Dicey's suggestion of political representation of the United States in the English Parliament.‡

Years before any of these words were spoken Richard Cobden wrote, "Our only chance of national prosperity lies in the timely remodeling of our system so as to put it as nearly as possible upon an equality with the improved management of the Americans." The irresistible journalist, Mr. Stead, is not, however, to be outdone. He will have the Eng-

\*W. T. Stead, "The Americanization of the World," London, 1902.

†Mr. Stead reproduces a famous English cartoon which dresses John Bull in Uncle Sam's attire and puts upon the body of the American eagle a lion's head.

‡This profound student of politics uses these words: "The plain truth is, that educated Englishmen are slowly learning that the American Republic accords the best example of a conservative Democracy; and now that England is becoming democratic, respectable Englishmen are beginning to consider whether the Constitution of the United States may not afford means by which, under new democratic forms, may be preserved the political conservatism dear and habitual to the governing classes of England."



Cartoon from *Punch* in 1861.

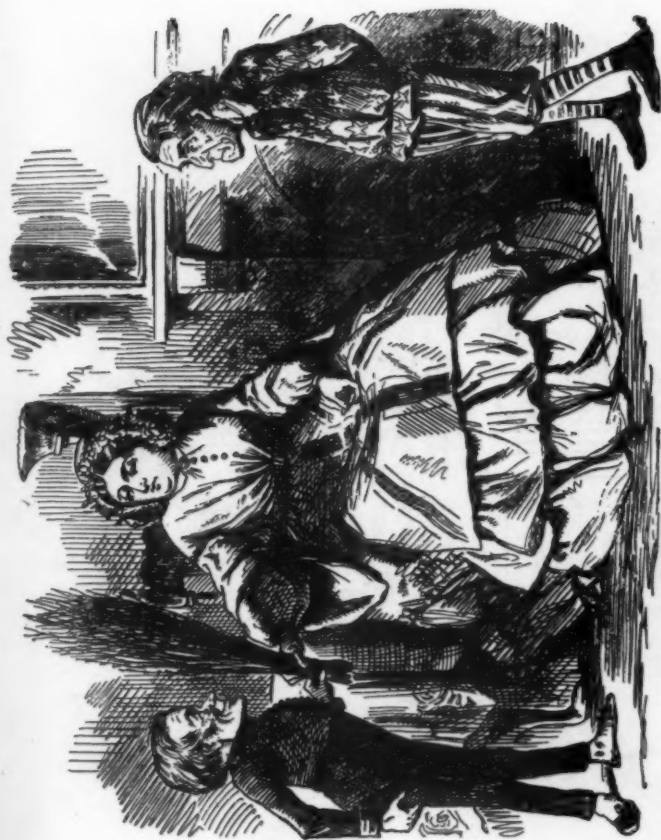
"Naughty Jonathan—You shan't interfere Mother—and you ought to be on my side—and it's a great shame—and I don't care—and you SHALL interfere—and I won't have it."



"How They Went to Take Canada."

"For the Outrage Offered in the Queen's Proclamation, the United States Will Possess Itself of Canada,"—*New York Herald*.

Cartoon in *Punch* in 1861, immediately after the first Battle of Bull Run. The Point of the Cartoon lies in the Ironical Reference to the Quotation from the *New York Herald* of a Short Time Previous.



Cartoon from *Punch* in 1862.

"Miss Britannia: 'There, John! He says he is very sorry, and that he didn't mean to do it—so you can put this back into the pickle-tub,'"

(The Cartoon Refers to the American Apology for the Mason and Slidell Episode.)



Cartoon in *Punch* in 1862

"The Latest from America, or, the New York 'Eye Duster,' to be Taken Every Day."





Cartoon from *Punch* in 1863.

"Latest from Spirit Land: Ghost of King George III.—'Well, Mr. Washington, what do you think of your fine Republic now, eh? What d'ye think?—What d'ye think, eh?'"

"Ghost of Mr. Washington: 'Humph.'"



Cartoon in *Punch* in 1864.

"American Literary Intelligence—'Born when the United States and Great Britain were still under the same government and flag, of course Shakespeare can be claimed as an American.'—*New York Herald*."

lish people to whom he belongs unite with us in *the celebration of July Fourth*. If we gasp at this suggestion, he says, "The practice of hoisting flags on the Birthday of the American Republic has been gaining ground in Great Britain and here and there Britons have begun to set apart the sacred Fourth of July as a *fete* day of the race. Not wishing to be over-sanguine, he admits that the "ordinary British subject cannot be expected just yet to enter into this common rejoicing without some hesitation." But he adds, "As year after year passes he will come to celebrate the Fourth of July heartily and ungrudgingly." To remove the lingering prejudices, we on our side must unite on Shakespeare's birthday and on the day when Magna Charter was signed. And one step further in the general healing—we must all unite on the third of September. "It was Cromwell's great day, the day of Dunbar and Worcester, the day on which he opened his Parliaments, the day on which he passed into the presence of his Maker. Cromwell, the common hero of both sections of the race, summoned his first parliament on the Fourth of July, and his inaugural address was *the first Fourth of July oration that was ever delivered*. It was instinct with the conviction of the reality of the providential mission of the English speaking race. In his own words: "We have our desire to see healing and looking forward (rather) than to rake into sores and look backward." If the interchange of courtesies and fete-day shouting is to be made so easy as this, it is not for Americans to hesitate.

In 1813 so responsible a person as the English Ambassador Foster said of us publicly, "Generally speaking, they are not a people we should be proud to acknowledge as our relation." In 1829 the author of "Tom Cringle's Log"\* said in *Blackwood's Magazine*, "I don't like Americans. I never did and never shall like them. I have seldom met an American gentleman in the large and complete

\*Michael Scott.

Part of Poem by Tom Taylor which appeared in *Punch* in 1865 upon the Assassination of Lincoln (See cartoon opposite).

"*You* lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier!  
    *You*, who with mocking pencil went to trace,  
Broad for the self-complacent sneer,  
    His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,

"His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,  
    His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,  
His lack of all we prize as debonair,  
    Of power or will to shine, of art to please;

"*You*, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,  
    Judging each step, as though the way were plain;  
Reckless, so it would point its paragraph,  
    Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain!

"Beside this corpse, that bears for winding sheet  
    The stars and stripes he lived to rear anew,  
Between the mourners at his head and feet,  
    Say, scurrile jester, is there room for *you*?"

\* \* \* \* \*



Cartoon in *Punch* in 1865 after the Assassination of Lincoln.  
 "Britannia Sympathizes with Columbia." (See accompanying poem by Tom Taylor  
 on opposite page.)



Cartoon from *Punch* in 1866.  
(Apropos of the new Transatlantic Cable.) "Neptune (the Heavy Father). 'Bless Ye My Children.'"

sense of the term. I have no wish to eat with them, drink with them, deal with them, or consort with them in any way."

Many and interesting things appear to have happened between this and Mr. Stead's invitation to international fete-days grouped about July the Fourth.

This "journalist who thinks in continents" does not after all take much higher flight than the Oxford scholar, Freeman, who could say, "It is indeed a thrilling thought for a man of the elder England to see what a home the newest home of his people is. The heart swells, the pride of kinship rises, as he sees that it is his own folk which has done more than any other folk to replenish the earth and to subdue it. He is no Englishman at heart, he has no true feeling of the abiding tie of kindred, who deems that the glory and greatness of the child is other than part of the glory and greatness of the parent."





## The Story of American Painting\*

### IV. Formative Influences

By Edwina Spencer

Author of "American Sculptors."

"O clear-eyed daughter of the gods, thy name?"—

Gravely she answered, "I am called Success."

"The house, the lineage, whence thy beauty came?"—

"Failure my sire; my mother, Weariness."

**N**EITHER in art nor in life, do creative power and joyful labor alone suffice to compel success. The discouragement of failure, the weariness of persistent effort, which belong to spiritual and mental growth,—they also bear their priceless part in the winning of great goals. And painting in America has followed the inevitable path of struggle, aspiration, difficulty, disheartenment, in making gradual progress to the height of its present achievement.

That the young republic, wrestling with manifold problems, had scant leisure for art interests or appreciation, we have seen from last month's review of the years between 1800 and 1850. Yet we have discovered that this period, too generally regarded as entirely quiescent and barren, reveals a steady increase in strength and opportunity,—the "silent harvest of the future" preparing, unheralded, its splendid fruitage. Its quiet growth culminated, in 1876,

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\*Miss Spencer's series will appear in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* in the months from September to May. The articles heretofore printed are: "Foreword," and "Painting in the Colonies" (September); "The Period of the Revolution" (October); "The Years of Preliminary Growth" (November).



in the art exhibit of the Centennial Exposition, which amazed the public at large by its revelation of what had been accomplished by American painters and sculptors. The stimulus it gave marks the beginning of a new era; and to the next three decades belongs our remarkable contemporary activity in landscape, portraiture, mural painting, and other fields, to which are devoted the remaining articles of our series. This month, however, the earlier period still claims us, for the consideration of another phase of its development; we are interested in tracing those important influences which helped, during the first three-quarters of the nineteenth century, to form the distinctive trend of later painting,—the forces that are more than those of bone and sinew, and lift upward against adverse circumstances like the power which the little philosopher discovered when he announced, "It's my *think* that makes my foot go up, when the ground tries to pull it down!"

The most potent formative influence of the early century was Gilbert Stuart,\* whose thirty-six years of uninterrupted work here, during this critical time, were of inestimable service to the art he loved. When he first returned from abroad, in 1792, he had a studio in New York for nearly two years; from there he went to Philadelphia to paint the first President; and after that long-cherished desire was fulfilled he removed to the new capital when the seat of government was transferred to Washington. Here he painted many notables, until 1805, finally settling in Boston, where he remained until his death in 1828—painting magnificently up to the very end.

Stuart's stays of varying length in these four important cities, where he reigned supreme as a portraitist, helped to diffuse his influence; while his genius and his powerful personality made him an oracle to the younger men. His character seems to have been peculiarly lovable, for though his was a sensitive and passionate nature, often imprudent

\*For Stuart's earlier career, see "The Period of the Revolution" in the October CHAUTAUQUAN.

and perverse, his generosity, his liberal spirit, his lack of meanness or pettiness, combined with his unusual gifts, to make and hold a host of friends\* And they all exemplified a certain small boy's perfectly satisfying definition of friendship, "A friend is a fellow who knows all about you,—but likes you." Stuart had many such! Witty, brilliant, and like Dr. Johnson, a "tremendous companion," he was also one of the greatest geniuses of his time, and without doubt one of the most extraordinary men our country has produced.†

Having the experience of years of exceptional success abroad, the painter of three kings, innumerable famous men and women, and later all the Presidents of the United States, Stuart held throughout the first quarter of the century a unique position of authority here. All the younger artists with whom he came in contact owed much to his influence, and the rest were helped and inspired by studying his works. Dunlap tells us that when he first saw the master's work, "it appeared to the writer as if he had never seen portraits before, so decidedly was form and mind conveyed to the canvas."

It is difficult to condense into a few sentences Stuart's effect on the art of his time; but the crux of the matter lay in his passion for truth, and his keen seizure of the *essentials* in portraying both body and soul. His brain was panther-like in swiftness and sureness, while to this intellectual power were added quick sympathies and the gift of intuition. He divined the inner life of his sitters, presenting to us not only their outward semblance but their actual personalities.

\*Stuart's inveterate snuff-taking, his fund of stories and his clever repartee, his humor, his hot-temper, and his impulsive kindnesses, gave rise to myriads of anecdotes, more or less apochryphal. That he was a "three-bottle man" is not strange in that day of much wine-drinking, but it is a remarkable fact that it never in the least impaired the clearness of his vision or the skill of his hand.

†The Encyclopedia Britannica sums up his artistic status as follows: "Stuart was pre-eminent as a colorist and his place, judged by the highest canons in art, is unquestionably among the few recognized masters of portraiture."

His own remark, "I paint the works of God, and leave clothes to tailors!" shows his absorption in the portrayal of character rather than of the details of lace ruffles and brocade. It was an age of many huge, artificial compositions, like West's, when the prevailing idea was not to study nature for itself, but to imitate as closely as possible the way in which the "old masters" like Raphael and Titian painted. Though working as a student in West's atelier, surrounded by this grandiloquence of "high art," Stuart, with the insight and boldness of genius, turned away from it all, and developed his wonderful powers by a *direct study of nature*. He gave no thought to how other men had worked; he brushed aside the usual artifices employed to enhance the effect,—such as strongly contrasted light and shade, gorgeous costumes and accessories, impressive attitudes,—and thus "casting away the chaff of superfluities," he put his whole soul into the task of revealing a higher and truer beauty. His portraits, simple, natural, and glowing with the loveliness of life itself, are vital transcripts of character; they give us the individual aspects of humanity,—the fire of young manhood, the flower-like purity of girlhood and womanhood, splendid maturity, dignified old age.

This was achieved by means of that remarkable technical skill which was famous in his own day and has remained unsurpassed,—which he learned from no master, and which was so individual that West used to say to youngsters who tried to imitate his protégé's coloring, "It will not do to steal Stuart's palette, you must steal his eyes!" The freshness of his clear, pure colors,\* their richness and brilliancy, are his distinguishing characteristic; his flesh-painting was the finest of his time; and his dominant traits were those

\*Stuart never could be induced to use the various mediums and materials advocated by various artists of his day for producing depth and richness of tone, nor would he experiment with varnishes. This good judgment on his part has resulted in the unimpaired brilliancy of his colors, while much of Sir Joshua Reynolds' work, for example, has grown blackened and ruined through the effect of time upon his pigments.

which we usually associate with a later epoch,—originality of thought, independence of vision, and insistence upon the immediate, faithful study of nature.

These studies were profound in their effect on his contemporaries, setting a lofty standard for those who came after. And aside from his work, his qualities as a man were helpful. He was particularly fine in his attitude toward other artists,—his generous and liberal judgments, his contempt for petty jealousies, his lack of envy or professional rivalry, set a rare example to smaller natures. Nor did he ever fail to contend for the dignity and high purpose of art.

Ten years before Stuart's death, another formative influence began to make itself felt when Washington Allston returned from Europe to settle in America; and for the last fifteen years of his life Allston reigned alone as our most important painter. He was twenty-four years younger than Stuart, having been born in South Carolina, in 1779. The manor house\* where his family had long lived in old-world state was situated on that strip of land, several miles wide, between the ocean and the Waccamaw River, which was renowned for the splendid hospitality of its few fine old homes.

The boy was, however, sent to be educated at Newport, Rhode Island, (where he first met Malbone,†) and later went to Harvard, where besides his college work he plunged enthusiastically into the study of art. Graduating in 1800, he went to London, becoming a life-long follower and admirer of Benjamin West. He had his own little coterie of followers, even as early as this,—a group of students approaching his age, who, like Morse, were entirely devoted

\*Allston's family was a distinguished one, boasting a long line of political and military names. His uncle was a colonel on the staff of General Marion, the "Swamp Fox" of the Revolution; and his cousin, who married Aaron Burr's beautiful and unfortunate daughter, Theodosia, was governor of South Carolina.

†Malbone, two years older than he, was already painting miniatures. They saw much of each other, in Boston, and went to England together in 1801. The friendship of these two fine young spirits, so pure in their lives and noble in their ideals, is one of the many happy details that enrich the story of American painting.

to him. In 1803, he went to Paris, Switzerland and Italy, lingering long in Rome, at that time full of English celebrities,—Byron, Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, the sculptors Gibson and Flaxman, as well as our own Washington Irving. The intellectual delights of life in the Eternal City enthralled him, and not until 1809, did he come home to marry Miss Channing of Boston, the fiancée of his college days.

They soon went to England, and there Allston entered upon the culminating period of his career as an artist. For seven years his success was great; a position of authority and distinction like that of West lay before him. But he turned away from it all, and in 1818 returned permanently to America.\* He was enthusiastically welcomed by the elect, and known to the country at large as a name to take pride in; in 1830 he married again, and lived quietly at Cambridge until his death in 1843.

Almost from the time of his return, however, his brush seemed to lag; and the great painting of "Belshazzar's Feast," which was to be his mighty achievement, hung over him like a pall. It was never finished, and became finally the tragedy of his life; for he had vowed to paint nothing else of importance until that was done, yet could never satisfy himself, nor make any serious advance. His creative power seemed dulled, and his sensitive, ardent mind palsied by the lack of stimulus and the crudity of our society at that time; he produced little, and it was his personality, rather than his pictures that exerted the greater influence. His work, at its best, is noble and beautiful,—surely and skilfully drawn, rich and harmonious in color.† He cared

\*His wife had died three years before; and he mentions somewhere the "home-sickness which, (in spite of the best and kindest friends and every encouragement as an artist,) brought me back to my own country."

†Allston's color was much lauded in his own day, and after the prevailing fashion of comparison with the old masters, he was called "the American Titian." Its original richness has in many cases faded, owing to certain methods he employed in glazing his pictures. His "Spanish Girl" in the Metropolitan Museum (see illustration in November CHAUTAUQUAN,) shows his simple and refined composition, graceful in line, and rich in the tone of the dark velvet coat, the jewel, the big plumed hat beside her, and the melting background.

most for solemn, often tragically emotional, subjects; like West, he loved to essay the sublime, but he had also the poetic and emotional temperament which West had not.

Still, despite his artistic fame, his work was really a mere attempt at the expression of a personality so unusual that neither art nor literature could afford it full utterance. Allston was an idealist of the purest type; it has been recorded by a friend that "for the high, the lovely, and the perfect, he strove all his days." He was loved with an intense loyalty, by the noblest spirits of his time. Coleridge, who held him dearer than all his friends except the Wordsworths, considered him "gifted with an artistic and poetic genius unsurpassed by any man of his age." Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, and Irving, were his admirers, Thorwaldsen never forgot him,—such among his peers, whose judgment is not to be gainsaid, were dazzled by his mental and spiritual power.

We must realize fully the commonplace and barren environment our country had then to offer, if we are to conceive of what Allston's life and art meant to his contemporaries. He represented sublimity of soul, poetic imagination, beauty, refinement, and all the graces of old-world cultivation. Personally in touch with but few, he lived surrounded by glamour in the popular fancy; and from his quiet home near Boston, his influence radiated through a circle of devoted friends, who revered his noble ideals, and his high aspirations for American painting. Stuart exerted a more direct influence, and came in contact with a much wider circle; he was a living force in his day, and his portraits live after him to delight and teach succeeding painters. Allston's work, (more, after all, that of a dilettante), has lost most of its appeal; a magnificent dreamer, he was never able to make his dreams serve humanity in any definite direction, as certain other great idealists have done. Yet he played a high part in forming the artistic standards of the period. While Stuart supplied the *mental* force and stimulus then



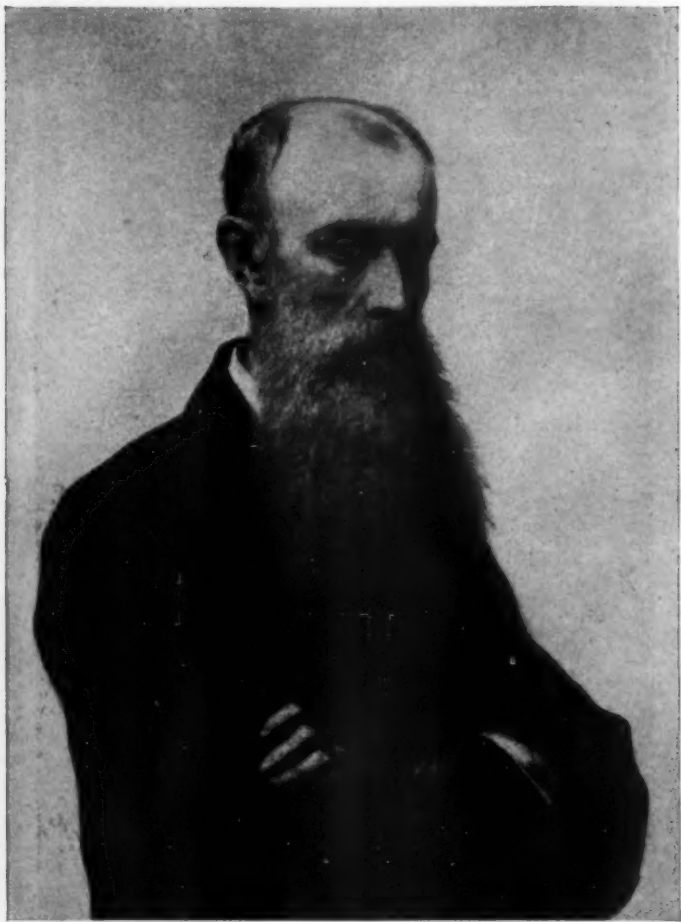
Forging the Shaft, by John F. Weir. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.  
(See "American Painting," by Edwin Spencer, page 56.)







Girl and Cow, by Theodore Robinson. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



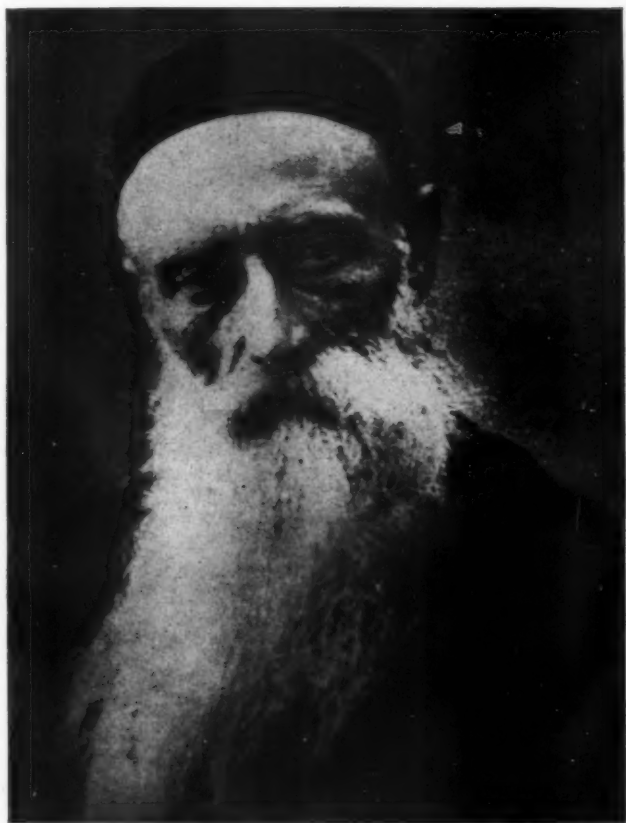
Portrait of William Morris Hunt at the Age of 42 (in 1866),  
Painted by Himself. In the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.



J. F. Millet (1814-1875), the French Painter to whom Hunt was both Friend and Benefactor.



Portrait of William Morris Hunt at Twenty-one (1845), by Leutze.  
In the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.



Last Photograph Portrait of William Morris Hunt. In Boston  
Museum of Fine Arts.



"Study of Clouds," Charcoal Sketch by W. M. Hunt. In Boston Museum of Fine Arts.



The Original Study for W. M. Hunt's Mural Painting, "The Flight of Night."



Corn Husking, by Eastman Johnson. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.





Washington Crossing the Delaware, by Emanuel Leutze. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



Boy with a Sword, by Edouard Manet (1832-1883), the French Painter who Founded the School of "Impressionists."



The Look-Out—"All's Well"—by Winslow Homer. In the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.



Raffling for the Goose, by William Sidney Mount. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



A Wedding Feast in Brittany, by Henry Mosler. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



"Head of a Man," Charcoal Sketch by W. M. Hunt. In Boston Museum of Fine Arts.



The Quadroon, by George Fuller. In the Boston Museum of Fine Arts,



Landscape by William Morris Hunt. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



needed, Allston's power was *spiritual*. His every quality helped to counteract the encroachments of the sordid and the narrow. His message to the younger craftsmen was that of Mazzini to the young men of Italy, "Love and reverence the ideal.\* It is the home of the soul."

Meantime, American art was expanding and broadening. No longer confined to the narrow field of portraiture alone, it was reaching out in new directions,—experimenting, striving, laboring and succeeding, in the face of disheartenment and trial. Another idealist, Thomas Cole, (whose life and work belong to next month's story of our landscape painting), was revealing a new field of beauty and promise in the portrayal of native scenery. He was followed by his friend Durand, his pupil, F. E. Church, by the so-called, "Hudson River school" and the "Rocky Mountain men,"—and in its later growth the movement he originated has become one of our most important artistic manifestations.

Portraiture continued to be a fertile field for our painters, because of the unfailing demand, and the difficulty of pioneering in other directions. Before Stuart's death a large and excellent group of workers were active, such as Frothingham and Neagle, both his pupils; Waldo and Jewett,† who painted together upon the same portraits in a harmonious partnership that lasted for eighteen years; C. B. King, who painted for several decades in Washington, and finally bequeathed a collection of his canvases to the Redwood Library in his birth-place, Newport; and Francis Alexander,

\*Few are familiar with Southey's allusion to Allston in the "Vision of Judgment,"—as

"he who returning,  
Rich in praise, to his native shores, hath left a remembrance  
Long to be honored and loved on the banks of Thames and of Tiber;  
So may America, prizing in time the worth she possesses,  
Give to that hand free scope, and boast hereafter of Allston."

†Jewett's name must not be confused with that of Matthew Harris Jouett, (emphasis on the last syllable,) the eminent Kentucky painter mentioned last month. A well-known artist and college professor recently has made this surprising mistake in print,—crediting a certain portrait to "Waldo and Jouett!"

whose very beautiful portrait of Mrs. Fletcher Webster, in the Boston Museum of Fine arts, shows what fine work some of these men achieved.\*

John Neagle, a Philadelphian, was one of the best; his portrait of Stuart, painted in 1825, is perhaps our most faithful likeness of that master. Jouett, of Kentucky, who died in 1827, was spoken of last month as important early in the century. The work of both these men owes much to their admiration for Stuart; and that of another early painter, Ezra Ames, bears very favorable comparison with Stuart's canvases. Ezra Ames, (who should not be confounded with *Joseph* Ames, a painter of much less worth,) lived in Albany, New York; and until his death in 1830 was the most noted portraitist in the state, outside New York city. The sure and fluent ease of his brush, his keen characterization, his pure, fresh coloring, are all remarkable for this early period. His portrait of Governor George Clinton, exhibited at the Pennsylvania Academy in 1812, won him wide notice; but he did delightful work some years earlier, and many even finer canvases are scattered through the middle states, in private hands.

Among the portraitists were also such important men as Harding, Inman, Elliott, and Huntington, whose work will be considered later, in connection with our contemporary portraiture. Many of them painted, beside portraits, the anecdotal pictures that began to come into vogue at this time; humorous or pathetic bits of every-day life which appealed to a large audience. Some few men confined themselves to this field, and of these perhaps the most typical was William Sidney Mount. One of three brothers living on a Long Island farm, Mount was quick to appreciate the homely humor of the people about him, and to embody it in paint,—as John Rogers afterward embodied similar aspects of daily life in sculpture. Another phase,—

\*Alexander's enterprise was quite that of the twentieth century. When Dickens came over in 1842, the artist went out with the pilot, and boarding the ship before it had sighted land, secured from the famous author permission to paint his portrait!

pretty portrayals of childhood and girlhood—was given by Charles C. Ingham; and somewhat later Eastman Johnson, Winslow Homer, and others painted interesting scenes from the life of New England and the South, negro character, and incidents of the Civil War.\*

With this widening of the scope of painting, came our first attempts at serious historical composition, and our first governmental notice of the fine arts. To the art lovers of the country the tendance of its art interests always has been left, and the official assistance received in foreign lands is unknown in ours; for the government maintains the position chosen by that young husband whose exasperated wife, trying to soothe their crying baby, at last exclaimed, "Here, John! Take him and rock him! He's as much your baby as he is mine." To whom John calmly replied, "Well, you rock your half, and I'll let my half holler!"

However, the combination of the building of a new Capitol and the return of John Trumbull from Europe, roused Congress to activity. The artist was one of the "old guard,"—C. W. Peale, Stuart, and he being then the last representatives of the older generation. He had painted Washington a number of times; for, joining the army after the battle of Lexington, he had been made one of the General's aides, and enjoyed then, as well as later, many opportunities for intercourse with him. Though made a colonel at twenty, he resigned his commission and set out to become an artist. After years of study with West, and of diplomatic service abroad, he returned to live in

\**Newton* and *Leslie*, two admirable painters of literary subjects, (scenes from Shakespeare and other great authors,) while closely associated with our art, belong properly to England. Gilbert Stuart Newton, (1795-1835) was Stuart's nephew, born in Nova Scotia, of an English father; he spent most of his life abroad and was always a British subject. Charles Robert Leslie (1794-1859) was of American parentage, but born in London. His boyhood was spent in Philadelphia, and he taught a few months at West Point; aside from that he lived in London. His pure, sunny, lovable nature was beloved by many of his fellow-artists here.

America in 1816, bringing an established reputation as an historical painter.\*

Soon after his arrival Trumbull was elected president of the "American Academy," organized some time before. And as it was known that he had spent years carefully accumulating studies, notes and sketches for a series of historical pictures which he greatly hoped to paint for the nation, Congress (after some agitation of the question), commissioned him to execute four large works,—“The Declaration of Independence,” “The Surrender of Burgoyne,” “The Surrender of Lord Cornwallis,” and “Washington Resigning his Commission.” Trumbull worked on them from 1817 till 1824, when he superintended placing them in their present position in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. Each measures twelve by eighteen feet, the figures being life-size; and \$32,000 was paid for the four.

Strange though it sounds, it is a fact that in order really to see these pictures we must go, not to Washington,† but to New Haven. There, in the Yale School of Fine Arts, we find the original studies, and the portraits made from life, which alone can show us what Trumbull planned to do, and prove how masterly the work might have been,

\*Trumbull's father, Jonathan Trumbull, Governor of Connecticut, was Washington's chief friend and counsellor during the Revolution, and the affectionate name of “Brother Jonathan,” given him by Washington has since become a national sobriquet. His son was a very precocious boy, ready to enter Harvard at twelve, though he was not allowed to do so until he was fifteen, entering then in the middle of his junior year. His father and tutor early agreed that the boy's “natural genius and disposition for limning” could be of no use to him; yet it is that gift for which he is now remembered!

†Trumbull gave all his historical studies, portraits, and miniatures, to Yale College in 1831; receiving in return an annuity of \$1,000 a year until his death twelve years later. He and his wife are buried in the Yale School of Fine Arts, beneath the end of the large gallery where his pictures hang.

We must not confuse John Trumbull, *the painter*, (1756-1843), with his contemporary, John Trumbull, *the poet*, (1750-1831), who was equally precocious, and was graduated from Yale at the same age that the painter was from Harvard.

had the order from Congress found him in the height of his power. He was sixty-eight years of age when he finished the canvases for the Capitol, and the fire of his youth did not remain with him, as it did with Stuart, until the brush was laid down forever. Comparatively early, his hand began to lose its cunning; these huge pictures, with the physical and mental labor they involved, were too much for him, and the result is disappointing. But the small paintings at Yale, done with his early crisp, accurate, spirited touch, are priceless, aside from their value as historical documents. In their brilliant miniature treatment, many of them are as fine as the jewel-like work of Meissonier, and upon this collection rests his real status as a painter.

Trumbull's position and obvious artistic merits entitled him to the government commission; he believed himself still equal to such a task; and the criticism the pictures called forth,\* with various controversies into which he was led by an extreme sensitiveness and a somewhat exaggerated estimate of his own dignity, embittered the close of his life. He died in 1843, the same year that Allston left us.

Trumbull's influence upon our forming tendencies was by no means so important as Stuart's or Allston's. Yet as the inaugurator of serious historical painting, he bore a very worthy part; his intense patriotism and conviction of the greatness of his themes set a lofty standard. For years he was our only painter of such subjects; but when he died, in 1843, a group of young men like Healy, Rothermel, Matteson and Leutze, (whose work will be described in a later article), had entered the field.

Emanuel Leutze, who was born in Wurtemberg in 1816 and brought here as a child, became of note through

\*Much of the contemporary ridicule heaped upon the paintings was without reason or justice. Though bad in color and rather feebly done, they are dignified and earnest works. The name "shin-piece" applied to the "Declaration of Independence" was malicious and absurd, for a little study of the composition shows how skilfully is arranged the presentation of so large a seated assemblage. See illustrations in the October CHAUTAUQUAN.

his "Washington Crossing the Delaware" and other large historical canvases, painted in the careful, elaborate, academic style of the German school of that day. He was an exponent of the methods taught at Düsseldorf, which were immensely popular about the middle of the century, and which superseded the Italian and English influences brought to bear earlier. Stuart, who was in reality a "modern of the moderns," taught only what he had evoked from nature itself. But the ideas and technique of English and Italian painters had a marked effect upon our work up to 1850. The influence of Düsseldorf, which followed, concerns us next month in its relation to landscape painting.

During the third quarter of the century, the German forces began to be routed by French methods, in a war for greater truth and beauty; and the mighty factor in that campaign was William Morris Hunt. His life and work exerted the most potent influence upon American painting which was felt between Stuart's death and the Centennial Exposition; he roused our first interest in the wonderful Frenchman of Fontainebleau and Barbison; he put his whole high soul into the task of delivering their message to his own countymen.

Born in Brattleboro, Vermont, in 1824, Hunt inherited his artistic gift from his mother. She was a woman of force and initiative, who employed an Italian painter in Boston, where they were living, to teach her and her five children,—an enthusiastic little class; and when, after a short time at Harvard, Hunt's health declined, she decided to take the family to Europe. Travel abroad was a very different thing sixty years ago, and her relatives did all in their power to dissuade her from a plan they considered "venturesome in the extreme." But the happy feat was accomplished, and after some time spent in Rome, Hunt went to study at Düsseldorf.

There he became so discouraged by the dry, uninteresting and pedantic teaching, that he determined to give

up painting and become a sculptor. Going to Paris for the latter purpose, he chanced to see a picture by Couture then doing notable work, and exclaimed, "If *that* is painting, then I am a painter!" He entered Couture's class and soon learned all that the master could teach him; this was the period during which he gained his facility, and laid the foundation of technical knowledge upon which to rest his more mature ideals.

The second stage of Hunt's art life was that of his intercourse with Jean Francois Millet, the great French peasant painter, whose work, then unrecognized in France,\* appealed at once to the young American. He met Millet at Barbison, and finally went to live there; enjoying a privileged intimacy that was accorded to few. During their long walks and excursions together, Hunt learned from the big-souled peasant a new knowledge of humanity,—his nature broadened and deepened,—the divine fire within him leaped into steady flame. Nor did his friendship fail to bless Millet in return; he was the first to appreciate and buy his pictures,† and what his generous enthusiasm meant to the lonely, hungry, French genius would be difficult to express.

About the time of the Civil War, William Morris Hunt returned to America; and the rest of his too short life was spent in as heroic a devotion to his country as any

\*Hunt saw the now famous painting of "The Sower" in Paris, and asking a dealer why he did not buy it, was told that "it was too sad, and not worth the 300 francs (\$60) asked for it!" He bought it at once, and soon after met Millet for the first time. Buying numbers of pictures from this despised painter, going about Paris with him, dressed in peasant costume, so that his friend might not feel any difference in their worldly station, Hunt soon came to be called "the mad American."

†His full purse and generous spirit were of direct benefit to Millet's career. It came to be mysteriously whispered in art circles that a "rich Englishman" was buying the Frenchman's work, and a demand for it set in in France. Hunt found him working in a floorless "cellar," his pictures mildewing from the damp. Persuading a Boston friend to buy one of his paintings, Hunt took the 500 francs to Millet, who burst into tears, and holding up the hundred dollar note, said he had never in his whole life before had that amount of money.

soldier-heart could give. In the face of indifference, lack of appreciation, uncongenial surroundings and meagre opportunities for the exercise of his full powers, he taught and painted ceaselessly,—contending always for the highest and best. Had he been spared to fourscore, he would have been one of our great leaders in the present movement; but as it was he paved the way here for the much misunderstood French "impressionist" school, the work of Manet, Monet, and the rest, whose effect upon our painting is to be considered next month.\* Hunt's own work will be discussed then, also: his landscapes, his unique charcoal drawings, his methods and ideals, the effect of his teaching and his "talks on art" upon the slowly developing art of his day. Up to his unfortunate death in 1879, he was a vital factor in its formative growth, and his influence is still felt. It was only "sun-up" with us then, and the glory of the full day was still unrevealed; but as the dawn-light crept along the horizon, Hunt's life stood out like a rosy mountain peak, shining with the glow and promise of a new morning.

\*His "Anahita" or "The Flight of Night," illustrated here, is the original study for one of his fine wall decorations for the Capitol at Albany, which will be discussed at length in the article on our mural painting. They were destroyed by the faulty construction of the building,—a sad commentary on the results of political graft.

#### PAINTINGS.

Stuart's accessible works were mentioned in the October number. A long list of his works, including many in private hands, is given in the monograph upon him in the "Masters in Art" series. The Metropolitan Museum has acquired a miniature of Stuart, painted by Miss Goodrich, one of his favorite pupils.

*Washington Allston.* The Boston Museum of Fine Arts has his portrait of himself, his "King John," "Dido and Anna," and various paintings, with a number of sketches and cartoons, including the sketch for "Belshazzar's Feast." The immense canvas of the "Belshazzar's Feast" itself also hangs there,—a dingy, unfinished, disappointing picture, interesting only for its pathetic associations. The Pennsylvania Academy, Philadelphia, has another large painting,—"The Dead Man Restored to Life by the Touch of Elisha's Bones." Yale College owns his "Prophet Jeremiah;" the Metropolitan Museum his "Spanish Girl." One of his most beau-



tiful conceptions in this country is the "Angel Liberating St. Peter" in the Hospital for the Insane, at Worcester, Mass. His famous "Uriel Sitting in the Sun" belongs to the Duke of Sutherland at Stafford House, England. (Its once brilliant color has become much faded.) "Jacob's Dream" is at Petworth House. His portrait of Coleridge, (which Wordsworth said was the only likeness of the poet that ever gave him any satisfaction,) is in the National Portrait Gallery, London.

*John Trumbull.* His best works are at Yale. The fine portrait of "an artist" in the Wadsworth Athenæum at Hartford is also one of his best; but most of his other works there, (especially the replicas of his early historical works,) are poor. He is represented in the Boston Museum, the Metropolitan, the Lenox Library, N. Y., the New York Historical Society and the New York City Hall. A full-length portrait of Trumbull by George Twibill is owned by the National Academy of Design; a portrait by Waldo and Jewett, as well as a marble bust by Ball Hughes, are at Yale. In Washington, his work may be seen in the Capitol and the National Museum.

*Esra Ames.* The New York Historical Society has four of his portraits. In the Capitol at Albany, N. Y., are those of Governor Clinton and Herman Bleeker; in the State Library there is his copy of Washington. His work is largely in private hands.

*John Neagle.* Four portraits in the Gallery of National Portraiture in the Pennsylvania Academy, Philadelphia; the Union League Club of Philadelphia has his full-length of Henry Clay, the University of Pennsylvania has five of his best; others are in the Philadelphia Library and the rooms of the Philadelphia Law Association. The New York Historical Society has several Indian heads.

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## American Painting

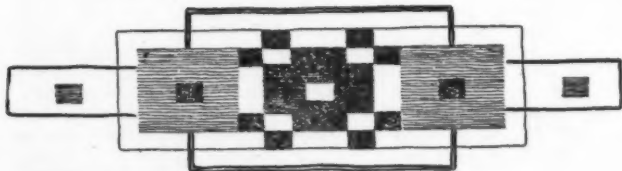
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SEARCH AND REVIEW QUESTIONS UPON THE REQUIRED READING  
WILL BE FOUND IN THE ROUND TABLE SECTION AT THE END OF THIS  
MAGAZINE.

(End of C. L. S. C. Required Reading for January.)



# Some Great American Scientists\*

## IV. Louis Agassiz

By David Starr Jordan

President of Leland Stanford, Jr., University; Author of "Fishes of North and Middle America," etc.

**T**HIS year of grace 1907 marks the centennial of the birth of Louis Agassiz. Above all others of the great teachers of the nineteenth century, his name is associated with the love of science as distinguished from energy in its prosecution.

His was the perfect joy of the normal man in the touch of his environment. He was the teacher to whom the present moment was the rarest of all moments, "the bit of sod under his feet the sweetest" to him "in this world—in any world."

Louis Agassiz was born in the parish of Motiers in Western Switzerland near the line of the cantons Neuchâtel and Vaud on the 28th day of May, 1807. His father and six generations of ancestors were clergymen, Calvinistic and Huguenot representatives of that best blood of France which was banished by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. From his mother, Rose Mayor, he inherited his love of living things and his delight in the study of their orderly relations.

As a boy he wrote to his father: "I wish that it may be said that Louis Agassiz was a dutiful son and a good citizen and the first naturalist of his time. I feel within me the strength of a whole generation to work toward that end, and I shall reach it if the means be not wanting." Whether first or not matters little. Two years later was born in England the first naturalist of all time so far as

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\*The first article of this series, "Asa Gray," by Prof. Charles Reid Barnes, appeared in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for September; the second, "John James Audubon," by Prof. Samuel C. Schmucker, in October; the third, "Simon Newcomb," by Prof. Malcolm McNeill in November.

depth of insight into nature is concerned. The main question was that he should make the most of all his opportunities and that Agassiz most certainly did. "The world turns aside to let him pass who knows whither he is going."

It is unnecessary in this brief sketch to give again the details of the life of Agassiz. These you will find in any encyclopedia. His life naturally falls into a number of divisions or episodes, each representing a natural stage in the growth of a great teacher.

First, we have his home life with his little aquaria, his study of fishes, insects, and rocks. Then his career at the University of Munich, with Döllinger as his teacher in embryology and the Brazilian collections of Spix and Martius as the material for study. "I have lived," I once heard him say, "for four years under Dr. Döllinger's roof, and my scientific training goes back to him and to him alone." Of his early life at Munich, Agassiz once spoke in these words:

"The University had opened under the most brilliant auspices. Almost all of our professors were also eminent in some department of science or literature. They were not men who taught from text-books, or even read lectures made up from extracts from original works. They themselves were original investigators, daily contributing to the sum of human knowledge. And they were not only our teachers but our friends. The best spirit prevailed among the professors and students. We were often the companions of their walks, often present at their discussions, and when we met to give lectures among ourselves, as we often did, our professors were among our listeners, cheering and stimulating us in all our efforts after independent research.

"My room was our meeting place: bedroom, lecture-room, study, museum, library, fencing-room all in one. Students and professors used to call it the Little Academy."

Next we see Agassiz installed as professor in the little University of Neuchâtel, on a salary on which other men would have starved, but which he found adequate to maintain a museum, a library, a printing press, a bureau of engraving and a staff of scientific cronies and associates. It is true that under these conditions money was scarce and



Louis Agassiz



luxuries unknown, but at the same time the period of tremendous activity of these "comrades in zeal" marked an epoch in this history of science. Equally notable was the "hôtel des Neufchâtelois," a stone hut built on the glacier of the Lauter Aar, where Agassiz and his colleagues set out their stakes and marked the motion of the glacier, with the final result of making clear the origin of the "Drift," and the discovery of the former glaciation of Switzerland, and of the rest of the northern half of the northern hemisphere. "I slept for seven weeks," Agassiz once said to the writer, "in a blanket on the ice of the Lauter Aar, and I have had rheumatism in the right shoulder ever since."

After the strenuous zeal of the professorship of Neufchâtel, (well set forth in Marcous' Life of Agassiz) and after the establishment of the glacial theory of the origin of erratic boulders and drift, on the whole the most important of all Agassiz's contributions to science, we have next the episode of Agassiz at the Jardin des Plantes. This phase of Agassiz's life has been best described by Colonel Theodore Lyman in a memoir too little known, published in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1874.

In Paris, Agassiz lived in poverty in little rooms in the Latin quarter, spending his days in the museum in the study of the fossil fishes of Europe. When he began his work there were barely a score of these known. As his work on the "Poissons Fossiles" went on, the number rose high in the hundreds. This work done in Paris under conditions of the greatest difficulty became the foundation of all subsequent studies of the extinct forms of this class of fishes. Lyman thus speaks of the rooms in Paris where Agassiz did this work: "Those little low rooms, five in number, they should become the Mecca of scientific devotees. Perhaps every great naturalist of the past hundred years had sat in them and discussed the problems of life, those problems which are always inviting solution and which are never solved." Here to this day Agassiz's hand-

writing may be seen on the labels of the bottles beside that of Cuvier, Valenciennes, Blainville, and La Marck, the naturalists of the early half of the last century.

It is said that Agassiz's handwriting, fine and neat, unusually painstaking for a man of his impulsive disposition, was the result of early necessity. "On the backs of old letters and on odd scraps of papers he was forced to copy the contents of books which he needed but which he could not buy."

"At this time," Agassiz once said to the writer, "I was on the verge of anticipating Darwinism. I saw the apparent evidence of deviation of form after form, but this could not be Evolution, because we had our highest fishes first." We see now how easily he was deceived in this regard, that he took the primitive sharks to be higher than the modern fishes, although at the same time they were nearer the original stock. If we recognize that Evolution is not often a steady progress upward but rather progressive adaptation, we can see that the perch and bass are fitted to the details of life in the sea, as the primitive sharks were not.

The most interesting episode in Agassiz's life in Paris was his meeting with Humboldt. The great philosopher, then in the height of his fame, came to Agassiz's modest apartments in the Quartier Latin. Among other things, Humboldt saw on the walls a series of encyclopedias which he regarded with distinct disfavor. "Was machen Sie denn mit dieser Eselsbrücke?" (What are you doing with this ass's bridge?) For he could not conceive that an original worker like Agassiz should need to use these receptacles of cut and dried information. But Agassiz explained that he was forced, for economy's sake, to write articles for this same encyclopedia, and to take a series of the volumes in part payment for his work.

After a time it seemed to Humboldt that Agassiz's greatest need was a good meal, so he invited him to a res-



taurant on the other side of the Seine in the little square called the Palais Royal. He asked Agassiz to make out his own bill of fare, but Agassiz modestly said that he would fare better if Humboldt, with greater experience, should undertake that task. And to have Humboldt alone with him for half that night was one of the creative episodes in the life of Agassiz.

In the height of his European fame Agassiz came to America. "He came in a spirit of adventure and curiosity. He stayed because he liked the land where a man could think and act as he pleased, a land where nature was rich but tools and workmen few and traditions none."

He put aside the Directorship of the Museum in the Jardin des Plantes. He declined professorships in Germany and France, and accepted a chair in the little Harvard College, the best we had in those days—and in these present days as well, but in 1846 a very little school compared with Heidelberg and Leipzig and Munich. It was moreover as Agassiz rightly said "only a respectable high school where they taught the dregs of learning." In this Agassiz touches the prime and essential fault in all prescribed courses of collegiate instruction. They teach only the dregs of learning. For the living touch one must reach out and find things for himself. There is no higher education that does not involve some degree of independent investigation. But there were wonderful men in the Harvard faculty in those days: Lowell, Longfellow, Holmes, Gray, Peirce, Goodwin, with Emerson and Thoreau just at hand. It was said by the men of this famous coterie that one had less need of an overcoat in passing Agassiz's house than any other in Boston.

Agassiz at once brought about a revolution in the methods of Harvard. Emerson, himself one of the sanest and broadest of men, saw in the work of Agassiz elements of danger, whereby the time-honored symmetry of Harvard might be destroyed. In a lecture on universities, in Boston, Emerson made some such statement as this: That

natural history was "getting too great an ascendancy at Harvard;" that it "was out of proportion to other departments, 'and hinted' that a check-rein would not be amiss on the enthusiastic young professor who is responsible for this."

"Do you not see," Agassiz wrote to Emerson, "that the way to bring about a well-proportioned development of all the resources of the university is not to check the natural history department, but to stimulate all the others? Not that the zoölogical school grows too fast, but that the others do not grow fast enough? This sounds invidious and perhaps somewhat boastful; but it is you," he said, "and not I, who have instituted the comparison. It strikes me that you have not hit upon the best remedy for this want of balance. If symmetry is to be obtained by cutting down the most vigorous growth, it seems to me it would be better to have a little irregularity here and there. In stimulating, by every means in my power, the growth of the museum and the means of education connected with it, I am far from having a selfish wish to see my own department tower above the others. I wish that every one of my colleagues would make it hard for me to keep up with him; and there are some among them, I am happy to say, who are ready to run a race with me."

. How Agassiz taught at Cambridge is best shown by the roll of those who were his students. Joseph Le Conte, the oldest of them, with David A. Wells, Steindachner, Wilder, Shaler, Hartt, Clark, Alexander Agassiz, Putnam, James, Scudder, Morse, Verrill, Brooks, Minot, Whitman, Lyman, Garman, Allen, Fernald, Apgar, Hooper, Snow, Faxon, Fewkes—almost the whole roll of those teachers and leaders in American science who were born in the first half of the nineteenth century. And a very large percentage of the naturalists of the present generation are descendants of these in relation of teacher and pupil.

Even as late as 1873, when Agassiz died, the Museum

of Comparative Zoölogy was almost the only school in America where the eager student of natural history could find the work he wanted. The college generally taught only the elements of any of the sciences, "the dregs of learning." Twenty years ago original research was scarcely considered as among the functions of the American college. Such investigators as America had were for the most part outside of the colleges, or at the best carrying on their investigations in time stolen from the drudgery of the classroom. One of the greatest of American astronomers (Daniel Kirkwood) was kept for forty years teaching algebra and geometry, with never a student far enough advanced to realize the real work of his teacher; and this case was typical of hundreds before the university spirit was kindled in American schools. That this spirit was kindled in Harvard forty years ago was due in the greatest measure to Agassiz's influence. It was here that graduate instruction in science in America practically began. In an important sense the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy was the first American university.

The methods used by Agassiz have been described many times but by no one so graphically as by the entomologist, Dr. Samuel H. Scudder.

The last episode in Agassiz's life was the establishment of the summer seaside school at Penikese. It was a short-lived school indeed, but it was the first of its kind, in time, and from its dramatic effectiveness it has served as a model and inspiration to all the others.

The first plan suggested was that of calling the teachers of the country together for a summer outing on the island of Nantucket. Before the site was chosen, Mr. John Anderson, of New York, offered to Agassiz the use of his island of Penikese, if he would permanently locate this scientific "camp-meeting" on the island. Thus was founded the Anderson School of Natural History on the island of Penikese.

## Great American Scientists

Penikese is a little island containing about sixty acres of very rocky ground, a pile of stones with intervals of soil. It is the last and least of the Elizabeth Islands, lying to the south of Buzzard's Bay, on the south coast of Massachusetts. The whole cluster was once a great terminal moraine of rocks and rubbish, brought down from the mainland by some ancient glacier, and by it dropped into the ocean off the heel of Cape Cod. The sea has broken up the moraine into eight little islands by wearing tide channels between hill and hill. The names of these islands are recorded in the jingle which the children of that region learn before they go to school,

"Naushon, Nonamesset, Ucatena, and Wepecket,  
Nashawena, Pesquinese, Cuttyhunk, and Penikese."

And Penikese, last and smallest of them, lies, a little forgotten speck, out in the ocean, eighteen miles south of New Bedford. It contained two hills, joined together by a narrow isthmus, a little harbor, a farm-house, a flag-staff, a barn, a willow-tree, and a flock of sheep. And here Agassiz founded his school. This was in the month of June in the year 1873.

From the many hundred applicants who sent in their names as soon as the plan was made public Agassiz chose fifty,—about thirty men and twenty women—teachers, students, and naturalists of various grades from all parts of the country. This practical recognition of coeducation was criticized by many of Agassiz's friends, trained in the monastic schools of New England; but the results justified his decision. It was his thought that these fifty teachers should be trained as well as might be in right methods of work. They should carry into their schools his own views of scientific teaching. Then each of these schools would become in its time a center of help to others, until the influence toward real work in science should spread throughout our educational system.

None of us will ever forget his first sight of Agassiz. We had come down from New Bedford in a little tug-boat

in the early morning, and Agassiz met us at the landing-place on the island. He was standing almost alone on the little wharf, and his great face beamed with pleasure. For this summer school, the thought of his old age, might be the crowning work of his lifetime. Who could foresee what might come from the efforts of fifty men and women, teachers of science, each striving to do his work in the most rational way? His thoughts and hopes rose to expectations higher than any of us then understood.

His tall figure, his broad shoulders bending a little under the weight of years, his large round face lit up by kindly dark-brown eyes, his cheery smile, the enthusiastic tones of his voice, his rolling gait, like that of "a man who had walked much over ploughed ground,"—all these entered into our first as well as our last impressions of Agassiz. He greeted us with great warmth as we landed. He looked into our faces to justify himself in making choice of us among the many whom he might have chosen.

The old barn on the island had been hastily converted into a dining-hall and lecture-room. A new floor had been put in; but the doors and walls remained unchanged, and the swallows' nests were undisturbed under the eaves. The sheep had been turned out, the horse-stalls were changed to a kitchen, and on the floor of the barn, instead of the hay-wagon, were placed three long tables. At the head of one of these sat Agassiz. At his right hand always stood a movable blackboard, for he seldom spoke without a piece of chalk in his hand. He would often give us a lecture while we sat at the table, frequently about some fish or other creature, the remains of which still lay on our plates.

Our second day upon the island was memorable above all others. Its striking incident has passed into literature in the poem of Whittier, "The Prayer of Agassiz."

When the morning meal was over, Agassiz arose in his place and spoke, as only he could speak, of his purpose in calling us together. The swallows flew in and out of the

building in the soft June air, for they did not know that it was no longer a barn but a temple. Some of them almost grazed his shoulder as he spoke to us of the needs of the people for truer education. He told us how these needs could be met, and of the results which might come to America from the training and consecration of fifty teachers. This was to him no ordinary school, still less an idle summer's outing, but a mission work of the greatest importance. He spoke with intense earnestness, and all his words were filled with that deep religious feeling so characteristic of his mind. For to Agassiz each natural object was a thought of God, and trifling with God's truth as expressed in Nature was the basest of sacrilege.

What Agassiz said that morning can never be said again. No reporter took his language, and no one could call back the charm of his manner or the impressiveness of his zeal and faith. At the end he said, "I would not have any man to pray for me now," and that he and each of us would utter his own prayer in silence. What he meant by this was that no one could pray in his stead. No public prayer could take the place of the prayer which each of us would frame for himself. Whittier says:

"Even the careless heart was moved,  
And the doubting gave assent  
With a gesture reverent  
To the Master well beloved.  
As thin mists are glorified  
By the light they cannot hide,  
All who gazed upon him saw,  
Through its veil of tender awe,  
How his face was still up lit  
By the old sweet look of it,  
Hopeful, trustful, full of cheer  
And the love that casts out fear."

And the summer went on, with its succession of joyous mornings, beautiful days, and calm nights, with every charm of sea and sky; the master with us all day long, ever ready to speak words of help and encouragement, every ready to give us from his own stock of learning. The boundless enthusiasm which surrounded him like an atmosphere, and

which sometimes gave the appearance of great achievement to the commonest things, was never lacking. The thing he had in hand was the thing worth doing, and the men about him were the men worth helping.

He was always picturesque in his words and his work. He delighted in the love and approbation of his students and his friends, and the influence of his personality sometimes gave his opinions weight beyond the value of the investigations on which they were based. With no other investigator have the work and the man been so identified as with Agassiz. No other of the great workers has been equally great as a teacher. His great work in science was his influence on other men. He was a constant stimulus and inspiration.

In an old note-book of those days I find fragments of some of his talks to teachers at Penikese. From this note-book I take some paragraphs, just as I find them written there:

"Never try to teach what you do not yourself know and know well. If your school board insist on your teaching anything and everything, decline firmly to do it. It is an imposition alike on pupils and teacher to teach that which he does not know. Those teachers who are strong enough should squarely refuse to do such work. This much-needed reform is already beginning in our colleges, and I hope it will continue. It is a relic of medieval times, this idea of professing everything. When teachers decline work which they cannot do well, improvements begin to come in. If one would be a successful teacher, he must firmly refuse work which he cannot do well. It is a false idea to suppose that everybody is competent to learn or to teach everything. Would our great artists have succeeded equally well in Greek or calculus? A smattering of everything is worth little. It is a fallacy to suppose that an encyclopedic knowledge is desirable. The mind is made strong, not through much learning, but by the thorough possession of something."

"Lay aside all conceit. Learn to read the book of Nature for yourself. Those who have succeeded best have followed for years some slim thread which once in a while has broadened out and disclosed some treasure worth a life-long search."

"A man cannot be professor of zoölogy on one day and of

chemistry on the next, and do good work in both. As in a concert all are musicians,—one plays one instrument, and one another, but all in perfection."

"You cannot do without one specialty. You must have some base-line to measure the work and attainments of others. For a general view of the subject, study the history of the sciences. Broad knowledge of all Nature has been the possession of no naturalist except Humboldt, and general relations constitute his specialty."

"Select such subjects that your pupils cannot walk out without seeing them. Train your pupils to be observers, and have them provided with the specimens about which you speak. If you can find nothing better, take a house-fly or a cricket, and let each one hold a specimen and examine it as you talk."

"In 1847 I gave an address at Newton, Mass., before a Teachers' Institute conducted by Horace Mann. My subject was grasshoppers. I passed around a large jar of these insects, and made every teacher take one and hold it while I was speaking. If any one dropped the insect, I stopped till he picked it up. This was at that time a great innovation, and excited much laughter and derision. There can be no true progress in the teaching of natural science until such methods become general."

As showing Agassiz's method, I copy the following extract from an old note-book, this being part of the last lecture but one ever delivered by Agassiz:

"The present century-old impulse has been to a great extent due to two causes: 1. The French Revolution. 2. The influence of a great poet. In France, after the revolution, all persons of intelligence, not military, turned their attention to learning, and in science we have Lavoisier, La Place, Gay-Lussac, Cuvier, Bischoff, Valenciennes, St. Hilaire.

"The second influence was that of the great German pagan—Goethe. Everything he touched he vivified. He has made the science of botany what it now is, and the spirit of comparative anatomy is due to him. There lived in Jena a certain Professor Bach, who is said to have whispered to Goethe all he ever knew about botany. Goethe's strong mind grasped it and gave it to the world, while else it might have remained unknown in the quiet professor's laboratory.

"Bach once showed to Goethe a plant in which the parts of the flower exhibited such forms and relations that the sepals, petals, stamens, and pistils seemed to be very much alike. Goethe saw it and wrote, 'Die Metamorphosen der Pflanzen.' In this he ascribed to plants a kind of life expressing itself in the leaf pri-



marily and rising to higher excellence in the sepals and petals, and still higher in the stamens and pistils which, by their mutual influence, lead to the production of new plants. This was taken by the world as beautiful fancy, but not as a real fact. Goethe was not satisfied with this, for he had meant it as a mathematical reality, and that it was to be so demonstrated, plant in hand. With roses he showed the transition from leaf to sepal, from petal to stamen, that all the organs of the flower were modifications of the leaves. In short, he originated the science of vegetable morphology. Whether it was first suggested by Bach or not, it was Goethe who proved and demonstrated it.

"He did not stop here, but transferred the theory to animals. Oken, before him, had compared the bones of the head to the vertebrae. Goethe carried this farther to a complete demonstration of their homology. If this be true, to what does the lower jaw correspond? Might it not be to the limbs? But there is but a single bone all around. In youth this bone is slightly divided. But every youth has an embryo. So Goethe examined skulls of embryos and found that there were two entirely distinct bones which afterwards coalesce to form the jaw. Here is Goethe as an investigator, and his work he published as a monograph with plates, in the proceedings of a learned society, just as all anatomists do. It is said that the name of the naturalist was dearer to him than the name of poet. From him this branch of comparative anatomy dates.

"It was he who first saw a meaning in vegetable monstrosities. Botanists have always abhorred and overlooked double flowers and the other products of gardening. They were sports and accidents, and came not under their laws. In them Goethe recognized lawful products under peculiar circumstances."

He often talked to us of the Darwinian theory, to which in all its forms he was most earnestly opposed. Agassiz was essentially an idealist. All his investigations were to him, not studies of animals or plants as such, but of the divine plans of which their structures are the expression. "That earthly form was the cover of spirit was to him a truth at once fundamental and self-evident." The work of the student was to search out the thoughts of God, and as well as may be to think them over again. To Agassiz these divine thoughts were specially embodied in the relations of animals to each other. The species was the thought-unit,

the individual reproduction of the thought in the divine mind at the moment of the creation of the first one of the series which represents the species. The marvel of the affinity of structure—of unity of plan in creatures widely diverse in habits and outward appearance—was to him a result of the association of ideas in the divine mind, an illustration of divine many-sidedness. To Darwin these same relations would illustrate the force of heredity, acting under diverse conditions of environment. The sufficiency of his own philosophy Agassiz never doubted. In this confidence in his own mind and its resources, lay much of his strength and his weakness.

Agassiz had no sympathy with the prejudices worked upon by weak and foolish men in opposition to Darwinism. He believed in the absolute freedom of science; that no power on earth can give answers beforehand to the questions which men of science endeavor to solve. Of this I can give no better evidence than the fact that every one of the men specially trained by him has joined the ranks of the evolutionists. He would teach them to think for themselves, not to think as he did.

In December the end came. In the words of one of his old students, Theodore Lyman, "We buried him from the chapel that stands among the college elms. The students laid a wreath of laurel on his bier, and their manly voices sang a requiem. For he had been a student all his life long, and when he died he was younger than any of them."

The next summer, the students of the first year came together at Penikese, and many eager new men were with them. Wise and skilful teachers were present; but Agassiz was not there, and the sense of loss was felt above everything else. We met one evening in the lecture hall, and each one said the best that he could of the Master. The words that lasted longest with us were these of Samuel Garman, that "he was the best friend that ever student had." There could be no truer word or nobler epitaph. We

put on the walls these mottoes, written on cloth, and taken from Agassiz's lectures:

STUDY NATURE, NOT BOOKS.

BE NOT AFRAID TO SAY, "I DO NOT KNOW."

STRIVE TO INTERPRET WHAT REALLY EXISTS.

A LABORATORY IS A SANCTUARY WHICH NOTHING PROFANE  
SHOULD ENTER.

These mottoes remained for fifteen years (this is given on the authority of Dr. Carl H. Eigenmann) on the walls of the empty building, whence they were carried as precious relics to the laboratory at Wood's Hole, which has been the lineal descendant of the school at Penikese.

At the end of the summer the authorities of the museum closed the doors of the Anderson School forever. They had no choice in the matter, for no college could be found which would spare the small sum needed for its maintenance. No rich men came forward as others had done in the past, men who would not stand by "to see so brave a man struggle without aid." For nearly twenty years the buildings stood on the island just as we had left them in 1874; an old sea captain, Captain Flanders of the *Nina Aiken*, in charge of them until the winter of 1891, when he was drowned in a storm. A year or two later the buildings were burned to the ground, doubtless by lightning.

But while the island of Penikese is deserted, the impulse which came from Agassiz's work there still lives, and is felt in every field of American science. With all appreciation of the rich streams which in late years have come to us from many sources, and especially from the deep insight and resolute truthfulness of Germany, it is still true that the school of all schools which has had most influence on scientific teaching in America, was held in an old barn on an uninhabited island some eighteen miles from the shore. It lasted but three months, and in effect it had but one teacher. The school at Penikese existed in the personal presence of Agassiz; when he died, it vanished.

**Greeting to C. L. S. C. Readers From President  
Judson of the University of Chicago.**

Dr. George E. Vincent,  
President of the Chautauqua  
Institution.

My Dear Mr. Vincent:--

It always gives me sincere gratification to know of the progress and prosperity of Chautauqua work. One of the most interesting developments in the intellectual life of our country in the last generation has been the waking up of people of mature years to a proper conception of education. The old theory that reading and study ended with the school days happily has now become obsolete and many thousands of men and women have learned that education only ends with life itself. My cordial good wishes go with all the work of Chautauqua to this end.

Very truly yours,

*Fanny Pratt Judson*

# What the Immigrant Thinks of America

By Philip Davis

Civic Service House, Boston.

## I. THE "SWEET LAND OF LIBERTY."

**T**O our annual million of newcomers, this country is still the "sweet land of liberty." Fundamentally, it is this conception of America which fires the imagination of, and gives birth to the migrating impulse among, the millions of diverse peoples knocking at our gates. A recent new-comer, now a dry-goods peddler, was asked to state his reason for coming to America. His answer, in writing, was as follows:

"When I was home, I always thought that America got in it the eternal desires of Man: Liberty, Brotherhood and Respect to men. On these reasons, I often thought to come to the land which the great Columbus had discovered."

How came this peddler to think that America "got in it the eternal desire of man: Liberty," etc.? Examine the contents of our enormous foreign mail, written in a babel of tongues and forwarded, post-haste, to the four corners of the earth. Its chief message to the whole world is this: "America is a free country!" This message travels with lightning speed from land to land, from hamlet to hamlet, from man to man. The very air reverberates its sound. The plains resound, the hills echo, the valleys re-echo these glad words from the New World voiced in all known tongues.

"America is a free country!" As the bugle call rouses the sleeping hosts at break of day, so have these words roused the Old World peasantry from its slumber of centuries. The whole of Europe is now on the march. Our millions of new-comers are but the vanguard of a tremendous host westward bound under the spell of this bugle call. The European children of today are the American

## What the Immigrant Thinks

immigrants of tomorrow. For even as children they learn all about America being a "free country."

"Many years ago," writes a working girl, "I heard about America. Those who returned to the Fatherland all said America is a free country. I was a child then and I had no idea of the meaning of it."

But the words stuck to her, apparently, and their meaning dawned upon her later. For she is here now.

The fact that America is not merely a free country, but is experimenting in Freedom along democratic lines, all the more strongly appeals to the imagination of the European masses, especially of young Russia. A young man of eighteen, now working in a tobacco store for six dollars a week, illiterate upon his arrival, naively wrote these words after eight months of study in the Civic Service House:

"While in Russia, I read much about the United States and its government. At that time I could not understand how people can govern themselves. Now that I have spent nearly eight months in this country, I came to the conclusion that a democratic government is more advantageous than a monarchical."

His "conclusion" is based upon the fact that here the people can "freely express their thoughts and ideas," which he values greatly, having been tongue-tied in his own country.

Moreover, the immigrant learns early that our democratic form of government is not merely a passing phase, subject to the will of a despot, enlightened or unenlightened, but is guaranteed to us by the Constitution of the United States. An immigrant girl of fifteen was asked to write a letter about America. This is what she wrote:

"Boston, July 12, 1907.

"I am only in this country two months. Therefore I cannot write. But I will write a little about America. This country is a for sure free country, for ever. In March 4, 1789, the Constitution go into effect. This country become guarantee at liberty of conscience, free press and free

speech. Therefore the Russian people are coming here because they haven't this in their country. S. R."

Note the impersonal ending. She does not speak for herself. She confidently ascribes her reason for coming here to the entire "Russian people."

### II. PILGRIMS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

It is obvious from these simple statements of these latter-day pilgrims that the Freedom which they have in mind is chiefly political. The freedom our pilgrim forefathers sought was mainly religious. But the common love of freedom is still, as it always has been, the great moving force.

Current literature on immigration refuses to recognize this common denominator—this world-hunger for freedom. It insists on pointing out differences. The immigrant of yesterday is lauded; the immigrant of today is tolerated; the immigrant of tomorrow is dreaded. The English in America dreaded the coming of the Irish. The immigrants of Northwestern Europe dreaded the coming of the South-eastern Europeans. Now, the Europeans in America collectively dread the coming of the Asiatics. Strangely enough, the prejudice against the unwelcome stranger is said to be grounded in the fear of his undermining American Liberty.\* Yet every immigrant, even the humblest peasant, insists that Liberty is the very thing he came for.

### III. ECONOMIC "WAGE-SLAVERY."

But there is another side to this story. The immigrant, shortly after his landing, changes his mind about at least one phase of American liberty. He finds here free speech, a free press, and, most precious possession of all, free education of which he cheerfully avails himself. American religious freedom he cannot gainsay; American political freedom he gravely suspects; American economic freedom he most vehemently repudiates.

"I am not at all so satisfied from this country," writes

\*Americans really fear lest the untrained foreigner take "liberty for license."

## What the Immigrant Thinks

Jennie Segal, a white-goods worker, but a few months after her landing. "It is very hard to gib away alletime to the work and even then we are not able to make a living because the Bosses are always explotationists and we must work for them for nothing. Yes, the American politic liberty don't makes me so happy when I see that the economic liberty is in such a bed position."

Another working girl, a skirt finisher, puts the case somewhat differently: "When I was in Russia," she writes, "I thought that America is a free country for everybody. Now I see America is only for the capitalist but not for the working people. I know for a fact. I am striking now and when I was going picketting this morning the shop, the poliztman said to me: 'You must go away because I can arrest you.'"

A very intelligent Greek, proficient in half a dozen languages, ready and willing to do everything, was recommended, as a last resort, as waiter in a French restaurant. He came back, as usual, a disappointed man, and sighing said to us by way of comment:

"My country 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty.  
Not for me! not for me!"

He was particularly grieved to find that a knowledge of six languages did not help him to get a "jomb." His feeling about America is fairly representative of the large body of immigrant students, who already constitute an important element of our immigrant population. These ambitious young men learn sooner or later that their education has little economic value in this country and in "greenhorn" rashness conclude there is something wrong about our economics. The most sadly disappointed and therefore the most severely critical are the Hebrew students who come here in the hope of paying their way through college by teaching Hebrew. To whom? The question never occurs to them until they have crossed the ocean only to learn that even the



Hebrew children have a supreme aversion for the Hebrew language and "don't know what it exists for, anyhow."

In this plight, the students are often forced to resign themselves to common labor for long hours and small wages. The long hours give them no chance to study; the small wages no chance to save in the hope of resuming their studies later on. They very naturally despair of their condition. The scheme of life of the famous blacksmith-scholar, who studied eight hours, worked eight hours, and slept eight hours, strongly appeals to every man who has to study and work at the same time. But the immigrant student finds the scheme incompatible with existing conditions. Our present system of industry offers no opportunity for part-time employment. You are either a wage slave or a free man. It is our wage-slavery which lowers our country in the estimation of the new-comer.

The immigrant artist, like the immigrant student, must hire himself out by the day in order to exist. His ideal creations of pastoral scenes of a far away country have no commercial value here. Signor Podogrossi, an Italian artist of remarkable talent, almost starved to death while he was feverishly at work in an attic. His paintings presently attracted Boston artists. They came and saw and admired—and went away. Signor Podogrossi, who was laboring for weeks to give expression in color to the sorrows of an orange woman, as poor as himself, had to give up his noble task and turn common house painter for a living, as though America had not enough of this tribe. Podogrossi expressed his grievance in two words. In Italy he said, casting a last glance on his paintings—"subito!"; in America—"perdita!" meaning, of course, that in his country his works have always found a "quick" and ready market (and among American travelers at that!), while here they are lost on us.

The case of Signor Zingali, an immigrant sculptor, is almost identical. So long as he clung tenaciously to his

lovely creations in clay, he and his wife starved. When he at last submitted to the inevitable and entered the factory he soon came to know the face of an American dollar. Like Charles Haag, who must needs waste his time on clock models for a living, so Signor Zingali must make dog models to keep from starving! Did not Morris Rosenfeld, the immigrant poet, slave for years in a sweat shop? The "Blind Poet" we call him now, feelingly, and buy his works out of pity. But was there any use in the long night work which brought on his blindness? It is this system of work and wages, which recognizes neither training nor talent; which disregards the physical interest as well as the spiritual welfare of the producer, devoting itself solely to the dumb product, which makes artisans of artists, "hands" of men, tools of apprentices, wage slaves of all, that is responsible for the sudden change in feeling on the part of the immigrant shortly after landing. A land which tolerates wage slavery is not a "sweet land of liberty." The immigrant somehow cannot bring himself to reconcile the phrase with the fact; and the patriotism which that phrase was calculated to arouse remains, in face of the fact, still-born.

#### IV. FREE EDUCATION.

On the other hand, the immigrant's enthusiasm wells up, fountain-like, whenever he thinks of our free system of education:

"I have always had a great desire for education," writes a new-comer, "but in the ole contre I didn't have no opportunity. But here in the contre United States of America we all have the privilege to learn and educate ourselves as far as our ability allows us tu. Therefore I have all the reasons to like this contre, America, for all this from the bottom of my heart. I thank the American people for their kindness in taking an interest in educating us, strangers, and making man of us. S. G."

Joseph Rinaldo, an Italian boy of twelve, is even more

effusive: "When I was a small boy," he writes, "I said to myself I wish I could come and see the New World.

"Come across oceans, seas and rivers to the New World, America. One day I did come to America. When I arrived the boys on the street seemed good to me. Some said come and play; some said let's go in, the school bell rang. That's how I started to go to school. I started to learn more and more each day. You can study more, better and harder in America than in any other continent in the world. There are more schools in America than in Europe or Asia. America also has more libraries, public buildings where to spend the time and become true citizens not old loafers on the street.

"I didn't know a thing when I came from Italy but now I know as much as any boy of my age. I know enough. I will learn more by and by. Because when we become men we must not work with pick and shovel but as cashier or beekkeeper or some other good job like teachers. J. R."

A more reserved form of appreciation—manifestly the result of a limited vocabulary—is the following from Dora Yaffe, a wrapper maker:

"Dear Friends and allso Ladies an gentlemens, I am going to tell yous a little story about America. Perhaps yous now more than I do, But still I am not going to taulk about anybody ells, except about my selfe, because I am not educated to taulk about anybody else.

"I came from Europe tre iers ago so I was very green here in America But still I triede to do my best that I sould not be so green. So I went to look for a little aducation and I am trying to get it and that will do me allot of goot and I advice anybody hoo dos not now how to reads they sould try to lern and I will to.

"I think everybody in this country got to now something because whe get everything free whe get scool and theaccers free. Some people don't know how to apprescheaite all that. But whe peoples nows to be thankful the theaccers for their kindness to us.

"From yours truly,

"DORA YAFFE."

The "apprescheaition" is as genuine as it is universal. As principal of a vacation school, I canvassed, in 1906,

58 Clinton street  
New York, Dec, 18, 1900

Dear friend.

The first letter that  
I write a letter to you my business  
are tailor from knee pens I think that  
it is not a bad job. I let you  
know, that I go to school every night  
and I am very satisfactory  
with the english laingooitch.  
what I lirn. I am not long in  
this country but I lirn pitty well  
and I hope that in the futell I  
will improve my larning

A Typical Immigrant Letter.

the most congested neighborhood of the West End, populated almost entirely by Italian and Jewish people. The response was phenomenal. In less than a week we registered 1,300 pupils. But the parents were even more glad to send their children, if possible, than we were to receive them. One mother of a family of six, all self-confessed "greenh," on learning that the principal himself was sent (as I put it) to invite her children, exclaimed, in exultation: "My gott! what America does for mine tchildren!"

#### V. AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP.

So much for American education. What, now, does the immigrant think of American citizenship? A class in citizenship, consisting of a score of young men, all of them of voting age, but few having even their "first papers" (Declaration of Intention), were asked to define American citizenship. They nearly all agreed upon the following: "Knowing the laws of the country and keeping them; also being faithful to the country."

They were next asked to mention some of the things a good citizen was expected to do for his country. The following answers are suggestive:

"He must be honest and truly."

"He must vote for the right officers."

"He must study the history from the United States."

"He must be willing to pay taxes."

"He must stand for his rights."

"He must send his children to school."

"A good citizen should try and change bad laws."

These sentiments indicate a regard for American citizenship which is akin to patriotism. I have for years gathered letters and compositions written by immigrants on the subject of patriotism. These will show, on examination, a true love of country and a sincere regard for its welfare. I quote from a composition entitled "My Impressions of America," by John Flon, written nine months after his landing.

## What the Immigrant Thinks

"It is human nature for every brave man to love his country and I would love America anyway because I live here and have no other country, but indeed America made a good impression upon me from the very beginning.

"I will never forget my feelings of pleasure of the first day of my coming here. It was the day of election of our President Roosevelt. I could not understand what kind election it was. I knew the Russian Czar, he is not elected by the people of his country he is a ruler because his father was the same. Therefore I was so glad and wonder-full to see all that was going on here on election day with my own eyes and like Columbus with his friends I felt like kneeling and kissing the soil and with tears give thanks to God for having brought me here."

I will close with another composition on patriotism entitled "My Pride," which is as interesting for its pure patriotic sentiment as it is wonderful for what the writer has accomplished in learning English during the brief interim between February 21, 1905, the day of his landing, and May 28, 1905, the day the composition was written:

"MY PRIDE."

"I came here from Russia on the 21st of February, 1905, on the 'Cymric.'

"On the first day I saw the great difference between my old and new home. That day was the birth-day of George Washington, and many people came together in the Synagogue in his honor.

"When the speaker said 'To day is the birth-day of the great man George Washington' there was a storm of applause every heart thrilled with rapture thinking of the great man, the author of liberty and union in the sweet land of America. He was the first in the world who gave to the old wanderer a place of refuge.

"I take special pride to see the enthusiasm at this time when in my old home in Russia my people are murdered innocently and many of them must leave their old homes and seek for a new home where they can have equality and find a free home in the sweet land of America for which they are very thankful.

"28 May, 1905.

Sam Shapiro

79 Prince Street, Boston."

# Christmas With American Poets

By Alice Cogswell Edwards.

THE festivals of a country seem to reflect the heart of the people. Christmas among the Italian peasants has quite a different quality from the Christmas of the land of the Kaiser; so the songs and carols which spring from these festivals carry with them a distinct flavor of the different nationalities which inspire them. Even two countries so closely akin as England and America infuse a certain national atmosphere into the literature of Christmas. In England one may trace the Christmas carol from the quaintest of old folk songs:

"As Joseph was a-waukin',  
He heard an Angel sing,  
'This night shall be the birthnight  
Of Christ our heavenly King.'"

down through a sort of progression of Christmas ideals in successive centuries to our own time when

"Hark the Herald Angels sing"

seems to embody Christmas joy in English speaking lands the world over.

Christmas in America has to adjust itself to a different environment from this old world setting. The heroic struggles of our pioneer ancestors tuned the lyre of one of our ballad writers to tell of "The First Christmas in New England." His picture of the forbidding New England coast presents a pitiable contrast to the warmth and cheer which memories of Christmas suggest:

"They thought they had come to their port that day,  
But not yet was their journey done;  
And they drifted away from Provincetown Bay  
In the fireless light of the sun,  
With rain and sleet were the tall masts iced,  
And gloomy and chill was the air;  
But they looked from the crystal sails to Christ,  
And they came to a harbor fair,  
The white hills silent lay,—

## Christmas with American Poets

For there were no ancient bells to ring,  
 No priests to chant, no choirs to sing,  
 No chapel of baron, or lord, or king,  
 That gray, cold winter day."

Then the voyagers remembered the bells of old England which were ringing for Christmas worship and they forebore to devote the day to labor.

"Shall our axes swing on this day of days  
 When the Lord of life was born?"

But the master of the company perceived that this bleak Christmas might yet hold a memorable place in the world's progress:

"If Christ was born on Christmas Day  
 And the day by Him is blest,  
 Then low at his feet the evergreens lay,  
 And cradle his church in the West,  
 Immanuel waits at the temple gates  
 Of the nation today ye found,  
 And the Lord delights in no formal rites;  
 Today let your axes sound!  
 The sky was cold and gray,  
 And there were no ancient bells to ring,  
 No priests to chant, no choirs to sing,  
 No chapel of baron, or lord, or king,  
 That gray, cold winter day."

The tragedy of the Civil War trailed its shadow over Longfellow's Christmas verse and even his courageous spirit faltered:

"I heard the bells on Christmas Day  
 Their old, familiar carols play,  
 And wild and sweet  
 The words repeat  
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

"And thought how, as the day had come,  
 The belfries of all Christendom  
 Had rolled along  
 The unbroken song  
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"



Then echoes of the accursed cannon thundering far  
away in the Southland seemed to drown the music of the  
bells.

"It was as if an earthquake rent  
The hearth-stones of a continent.

\* \* \* \*

"And in despair I bowed my head;  
'There is no peace on earth,' I said;  
    'For hate is strong,  
    And mocks the song  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

"Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:  
'God is not dead; nor doth he sleep!  
    The wrong shall fail,  
    The Right prevail,  
With peace on earth, good-will to men.'"

Whittier, like Longfellow, sang of Christmas during  
the country's dark hour, but it was characteristic of his  
peace loving nature that his "Christmas Carmen" should  
break forth only at the close of the long struggle:

"Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace;  
East, west, north, and south let the long quarrel cease:  
Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,  
Sing of glory to God and of good-will to man!  
    Hark! joining in chorus  
    The heavens bend o'er us!  
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun;  
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,  
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one!"

In Whittier's later poems written "At Sundown" he  
records a memorable Christmas in New England when the  
cold gray dawn ushered in a day of such "Orient warmth  
and brightness" that old and new seemed strangely blended:

"In that pale sky and sere, snow-waiting earth,  
What sign was there of the immortal birth?  
    What herald of the One?  
Lo! swift as thought the heavenly radiance came,  
A rose-red splendor swept the sky like flame,  
    Up rolled the round, bright sun!

\* \* \* \*

## Christmas with American Poets

"The morning's promise noon and eve fulfilled  
 In warm, soft sky and landscape hazy-hilled  
 And sunset fair as they;  
 A sweet reminder of His holiest time,  
 A summer-miracle in our winter clime,  
 God gave a perfect day.

"The near was blended with the old and far,  
 And Bethlehem's hillside and the Magi's star  
 Seemed here, as there and then,—  
 Our homestead pine-tree was the Syrian palm,  
 Our heart's desire the angels' midnight psalm,  
 Peace, and good-will to men!"

Snow and winter winds seem to be so closely commingled with Christmas in the minds of English speaking people that many of us are scarcely aware that new traditions of Christmas climate are being built up in parts of our wide country. The poet Silf with his exquisite art paints for us a picture of "Christmas in California."

"Can this be Christmas—sweet as May,  
 With drowsy sun, and dreamy air,  
 And new grass pointing out the way  
 For flowers to follow, everywhere?"

"Has Time grown sleepy at his post,  
 And let the exiled Summer back,  
 Or is it her regretful ghost,  
 Or witchcraft of the almanac?"

"While wandering breaths of mignonette  
 In at the open window come,  
 I send my thoughts afar, and let  
 Them paint your Christmas Day at home."

And then he recalls the "glitter of ice and glint of frost," the "laughing loads the cutters bear" and when the chattering girls come in to warm their feet the

"Mysterious little bundles queer  
 That rustling tempt the curious look."

While the sun with his mellowing smile

"Tips the rough-ringed icicles  
 With sparks, that grow to glittering tears."

Until the day grows dark when the firelight shadows dance—

"As if they knew  
A thousand things too good to keep."

In contrast with this wintry setting is Christmas as he finds it on the shores of the far Pacific:

"Before me, on the wide, warm bay,  
A million azure ripples run;  
Round me the sprouting palm-shoots lay  
Their shining lances to the sun.

"With glossy leaves that poise or swing,  
The callas their white cups unfold,  
And faintest chimes of odor ring  
From silver bells with tongues of gold.

"A languor of deliciousness  
Fills all the sea-enchanted clime;  
And the blue heavens meet, and kiss,  
The loitering clouds of summer-time.

"This fragrance of the mountain balm  
From spicy Lebanon might be;  
Beneath such sunshine's amber calm  
Slumbered the waves of Galilee.

"O wondrous gift, in goodness given,  
Each hour anew our eyes to greet,  
An earth so fair—so close to Heaven,  
'Twas trodden by the Master's feet.

\* \* \* \*

"I am His creature, and His air  
I breathe, where'er my feet may stand;  
The angels' song rings everywhere,  
And all the earth is Holy Land."



## The "Narrative" of Jonathan Edwards

A writer in the *Westminster Review* once said of Jonathan Edwards, "From the days of Plato there has been no life of more simple and imposing grandeur." A personality which could so impress itself upon a generation far removed from his own, must have possessed intellectual and personal qualities of a very rare nature. Edwards' spiritual insight gave him not only pre-eminence as a leader among the men and women of his day, but exerted no slight influence upon later New England thought. To get a glimpse of such a man's personality through his autobiography is a privilege, which fortunately in the case of Jonathan Edwards is possible through his famous "Narrative" of his religious history:

"From about that time I began to have a new kind of apprehensions and ideas of Christ, and the work of redemption, and the glorious way of salvation by him. An inward sweet sense of these things at times came into my heart, and my soul was led away in pleasant views and contemplations of them. And my mind was greatly engaged to spend my time in reading and meditating on Christ, on the beauty and excellence of his person, and the lovely way of salvation by free grace in him. . . .

"Not long after I had began to experience these things, I gave an account to my father of some things that had passed in my mind. I was pretty much affected by the discourse we had together; and when the discourse was ended I walked abroad alone, in a solitary place in my father's pasture, for contemplation. And as I was walking there and looking upon the sky and clouds, there came into my mind so sweet a sense of the glorious majesty and grace of God as I know not how to express. I seemed to see them both in a sweet conjunction; majesty and meekness joined together; it

was a sweet, and gentle, and holy majesty; and also a majestic meekness; an awful sweetness; a high and great and holy gentleness.

"After this my sense of divine things gradually increased, and became more and more lively, and had more of that inward sweetness. The appearance of everything was altered; there seemed to be, as it were, a calm, sweet cast, or appearance of divine glory, in almost everything. God's excellency, his wisdom, his purity and love, seemed to appear in everything; in the sun, moon, and stars, in the clouds and blue sky, in the grass, flowers, trees, in the water and all nature; which used greatly to fix my mind. I often used to sit and view the moon for a long time, and in the day spent much time in viewing the clouds and sky, to behold the sweet glory of God in these things; in the meantime singing forth, with a low voice, my contemplations of the Creator and Redeemer. And scarce anything among all the works of nature was so sweet to me as thunder and lightning; formerly nothing had been so terrible to me. Before, I used to be uncommonly terrified with thunder, and to be struck with terror when I saw a thunderstorm rising; but now, on the contrary, it rejoiced me. I felt God, if I may so speak, at the first appearance of a thunder-storm; and used to take the opportunity at such times to fix myself in order to view the clouds and see the lightnings play and hear the majestic and awful voice of God's thunder, which oftentimes was exceedingly entertaining, leading me to sweet contemplations of my great and glorious God.

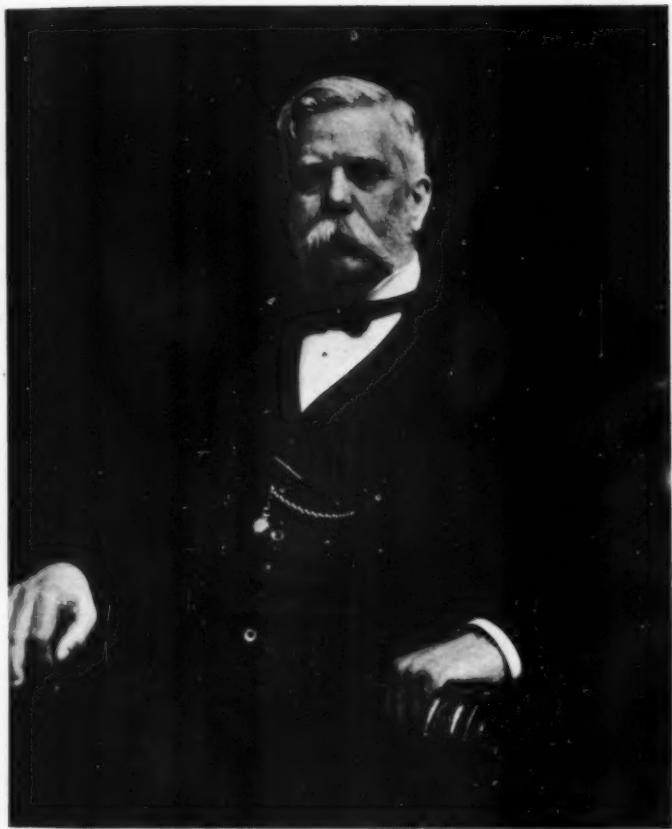
"Holiness, as I then wrote down some of my contemplations on it, appeared to me to be of a sweet, pleasant, charming, serene, calm nature, which brought an inexpressible purity, brightness, peacefulness, and ravishment to the soul. In other words, that it made the soul like a field or garden of God, with all manner of pleasant flowers; enjoying a sweet calm and the gentle vivifying beams of the sun. The soul of a true Christian, as I then wrote my meditations, appeared like such a little white flower as we see in the spring of the year; low and humble on the ground, opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glory; rejoicing as it were, in a calm rapture; diffusing around a sweet fragrant; standing peacefully and lovingly in the midst of other flowers round about; all in like manner opening their bosoms, to drink in the light of the sun. There was no part of creature-holiness, that I had so great a sense of its loveliness, as humility, brokenness of heart, and poverty of spirit; and there is nothing that I so earnestly longed for. My heart panted after this—to lie low before God, as in the dust; that I might be nothing, and that God might be All; that I might become as a little child."

## George Westinghouse

**G**EORGE WESTINGHOUSE, one of the greatest of American inventors, has, like Edison, made his way to fame and success from small beginnings and despite great obstacles. Born in 1846, he was very young at the time of the Civil War. He nevertheless served in the Cavalry, 1863-1864, and as Assistant Engineer in the Navy from 1864-1865. Of an inventive turn he early devoted his attention to mechanical problems and in 1868 patented his famous air-brake. This great invention was followed by others which applied compressed air and electricity to various safety devices for railroads. Becoming interested in the possibilities of electrical development, Mr. Westinghouse acquired patents, as notably the device for the alternating current system in the distribution of electrical light and power.

With these patents he started the manufacture of electrical machinery and built up the vast series of factories throughout the world of which he is the head. Besides factories in this country he has enterprises in Canada, England, France, Germany, Russia, and Italy. He is President of thirty corporations, the aggregate capital of which amounts to \$120,000,000.

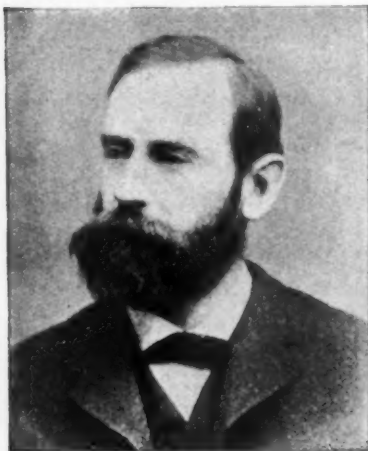
Among his great contributions to economic progress may be named: A complete system for controlling natural gas and conveying it through pipe-lines for long distances; the development of gas engines and the steam turbine; the manufacture of large dynamos, including the first ten dynamos for the power houses at Niagara Falls. Mr. Westinghouse in recognition of his services to industrial science has received decorations from the kings of Belgium and Italy, honorary degrees from German and American universities, and is an honorary member of various engineering and scientific societies.



George Westinghouse, Celebrated American Inventor.  
*Photographed by Gessfold, N. Y.*

## Captain Nat Herreshoff

**C**APTAIN NAT HERRESHOFF, the builder of racing yachts, is one of the most notable examples of the blind man of genius. A familiar picture of this yacht builder



Captain Nat Herreshoff.

shows him carefully examining the keel of a vessel in dry dock. Slowly, but surely he is searching out with his sensitive fingers every line and curve in the structure and is unerringly estimating the friction of the water upon every point. Mr. Herreshoff has built ten racing yachts and to his genius is due the fact that the America's cup is now in America and not in Eng-

land. He gained his first fame as the designer of the *Gloriana*, the first perfected center boat, a forty-six footer. That was in 1890. Since that date the American public has gloried in the triumphs of the *Vigilance*, the *Reliance*, and the *Defender*, boats whose keels and sails the English could not match.

Nat Herreshoff was graduated in the Boston School of Technology and served an apprenticeship in the Corliss Iron Works. Since childhood he has been designing boats. His first love was the swift sailing steam yachts, and he built a number of small steam yachts that held the world's record. He built the twenty-three knot Cushing torpedo boat and his genius has set the pace for the building of fast boats the world over. This blind boat builder is a grim, silent man. He seldom speaks to his closest friends and he has only this one passion—the building of fast boats. He is now sixty-one years of age.



## Lowell's Elegy on Agassiz

NEWS of the death of Agassiz came to Lowell in the winter of 1874 when he was in Italy. He refers to his sense of loss in a letter to Charles Eliot Norton. It was "as if some familiar hill should be gone out of my horizon when I come home and walk down the river-side to the village." Writing from Rome a few weeks later he says:

"I sent you the other day from Florence a long poem (*too* long, I fear), in the nature of an elegy on Agassiz. His death came home to me in a singular way, growing into my consciousness from day to day as if it were a graft new-set, that by degrees became part of my own wood and drew a greater share of my sap than belonged to it, as grafts sometimes will. I suppose that, unconsciously to myself, a great part of the ferment it produced in me was owing to the deaths of my sister Anna, of Mrs. ———, whom I knew as a child in my early manhood, and of my cousin Amory, who was inextricably bound up with the primal associations of my life, associations which always have a singular sweetness for me. A very deep chord had been touched also at Florence by the sight of our old lodgings in the Casa Guidi, of the Balcony Mabel use to run on, and the windows we used to look out at so long ago. I got sometimes into the mood I used to be in when I was always repeating to myself,

"King Pandion he is dead;  
All *thy* friends are lapt in lead"—

verses which seem to me desolately pathetic. At last I began to hum over bits of my poem in my head till it took complete possession of me and worked me up to a delicious state of excitement, all the more delicious as my brain (or at any rate the musical part of it) had been lying dormant so long. I couldn't sleep, and when I walked out I saw nothing outward. . . . Nervous, horribly nervous, but happy for the first time (I mean consciously happy) since I came over here. And so by degrees my poem worked itself out. The parts came to me as I came awake, and I wrote them down in the morning. I had all my bricks—but the

## Elegy on Agassiz

mortar wouldn't *set*, as the masons say. However, I got it into order at last. You will see there is a logical sequence if you look sharp. . . . I think there is some go in it somehow, but it is too near me yet to be judged fairly by me. It is old-fashioned, you see, but none the worse for that. . . ."

About this time, Howells became editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* and Lowell's response to his editorial note of congratulation shows how even a poet of his critical powers could distrust his own inspiration:

"My dear Howells,—I was very glad to get a line from you. I should have sent my poem directly to you (for it tickled me that our positions should be reversed, and that you should be sitting in the seat of the scorner where I used to sit); but I happened to see a number of the *Atlantic* in Florence, and in the list of contributors my name was left out. As the magazine had just changed hands I didn't know but it had changed minds as well, so I would not put you in a position where your friendship might come in conflict with some whimsey of your publishers. Thank you heartily for the pleasant things you say about the poem. I thought it very well just after parturition, and explained any motives of aversion I might feel by that uncomfortable redness which is common to newly born babes. But since I have it in print I have not been able to read it through—but only to dip in here and there on passages which C. E. N. had doubts about. What a witch is this Imagination, who sings as she weaves till we seem to *see* the music in the growing web, and when all is done that magic has vanished and the poor thing looks cheap as printed muslin! Well, I am pleased, all the same, with what you say, because, after all, you needn't have said it unless you liked."

It is interesting to note that a month later he wrote to another friend: "In the *Atlantic Monthly* for May, 1874, is an Elegy on Agassiz which I suspect is among my best verse." The following selections necessarily omit much which gives charm to the poem especially his characterization of Holmes and other members of the famous Saturday Club. Agassiz, Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, and Holmes sat in turn at the head of the table and many distinguished men were among its honored guests. Lowell wrote from

England in the latter part of his life: "In plain living and high thinking I fancy we have, or used to have, the advantage and I have never seen society on the whole so good as I used to meet at our Saturday Club."

Uprooted is our mountain oak,  
That promised long security of shade  
And brooding-place for many a winged thought;  
Not by Time's softly cadenced stroke  
With pauses of relenting pity stayed,  
But ere a root seemed sapt, a bough decayed,  
From sudden ambush by the whirl-wind caught  
And in his broad maturity betrayed.

\* \* \* \*

In some the genius is a thing apart,  
A pillared hermit of the brain,  
Hoarding with incommunicable art  
Its intellectual gain!

\* \* \* \*

His nature brooked no lonely lair,  
But basked and burgeoned in copartnery,  
Companionship, and open-windowed glee;  
He knew, for he had tried,  
Those speculative heights that lure  
The unpractised foot, impatient of a guide,  
Tow'rd ether too attenuately pure  
For sweet unconscious breath, though dear to pride,

\* \* \* \*

Patient to spy a sullen egg for weeks,  
The enigma of creation to surprise,  
His truer instinct sought the life that speaks  
Without a mystery from kindly eyes;  
In no self-spun cocoon of prudence wound,  
He by the touch of men was best inspired,  
And caught his native greatness at rebound  
From generousities itself had fired;  
Then how the heat through every fibre ran,  
Felt in the gathering presence of the man,  
While the apt word and gesture came unbid!  
Virtues and faults it to one metal wrought,  
Fined all his blood to thought,  
And ran the molten man in all he said or did.  
All Tully's rules and all Quintilian's too  
He by the light of listening faces knew,  
And his rapt audience all unconscious lent  
Their own roused force to make him eloquent;

\* \* \* \*

## Elegy on Agassiz

His magic was not far to seek,—  
 He was so human! Whether strong or weak,  
 Far from his kind he neither sank nor soared,  
 But sate an equal guest at every board:  
 No beggar ever felt him condescend,  
 No prince presume; for still himself he bare  
 At manhood's simple level, and where'er  
 He met a stranger, there he left a friend.  
 How large an aspect; nobly unsevere,  
 With freshness round him of Olympian cheer,  
 Like visits of those earthly gods he came;  
 His look, wherever its good-fortune fell,  
 Doubled the feast without a miracle,  
 And on the hearthstone danced a happier flame;  
 Philemon's crabbed vintage grew benign;  
 Amphitryon's gold-juice humanized to wine.

\* \* \*

I see in vision the warm-lighted hall,  
 The living and the dead I see again,  
 And but my chair is empty; 'mid them all  
 'Tis I that seem the dead: they all remain  
 Immortal, changeless creatures of the brain:  
 Wellnigh I doubt which world is real most,  
 Of sense or spirit, to the truly sane;  
 In this abstraction it were light to deem  
 Myself the figment of some stronger dream;  
 They are the real things, and I the ghost  
 That glide unhindered through the solid door,  
 Vainly for recognition seek: from chair to chair,  
 And strive to speak and am but futile air,  
 As truly most of us are little more.

Him most I see whom we most dearly miss,  
 The latest parted thence,  
 His features poised in genial armistice  
 And armed neutrality of self-defence  
 Beneath the forehead's walled pre-eminence,  
 While Tyro, plucking facts with careless reach,  
 Settles off-hand our human how and whence;  
 The long-trained veteran scarcely wincing hears  
 The infallible strategy of volunteers  
 Making through Nature's walls its easy breach,  
 And seems to learn where he alone could teach.  
 Ample and ruddy, the board's end he fills,  
 As he our fireside were, our light and heat,  
 Center where minds diverse and various skills  
 Find their warm nook and stretch unhampered feet;  
 I see the firm benignity of face,  
 Wide smiling champagne, without tameness sweet,  
 The mass Teutonic toned to Gallic grace,  
 The eyes whose sunshine runs before the lips  
 While Holmes's rockets curve their long ellipse  
 And burst in seeds of fire that burst again  
 To drop in scintillating rain.

Now forth into the darkness all are gone,  
But memory, still unsated, follows on,  
Retracing step by step our homeward walk,  
With many a laugh among our serious talk,  
Across the bridge where, on the dimpling tide,  
The long red streamers from the windows glide,  
Or the dim western moon  
Rocks her skiff's image on the broad lagoon,  
And Boston shows a soft Venetian side  
In the Arcadian light when roof and tree,  
Hard prose by daylight, dream in Italy;  
Or haply in the sky's cold chambers wide  
Shivered the winter stars, while all below,  
As if an end were come of human ill,  
The world was wrapt in innocence of snow  
And the cast-iron bay was blind and still;  
These were our poetry; in him perhaps  
Science had barred the gate that lets in dream,  
And he would rather count the perch and bream  
Then with the current's idle fancy lapse;  
And yet he had the poet's open eye  
That takes a frank delight in all it sees,  
Nor was earth voiceless, nor the mystic sky,  
To him the life-long friend of fields and trees;  
Then came the prose of the suburban street,  
Its silence deepened by our echoing feet,  
And converse such as rambling hazard finds;  
Then he who many cities knew and many minds,  
And men once world-noised, now mere Ossian forms  
Of misty memory, bade them live anew  
As when they shared earth's manifold delight,  
In shape, in gait, in voice, in gesture true,  
And, with an accent heightening as he warms,  
Would stop forgetful of the shortening night,  
Drop my confiding arm, and pour profuse  
Much worldly wisdom kept for others' use  
Not for his own for he was rash and free,  
His purse or knowledge all men's, like the sea.  
Still can I hear his voice's shrilling might  
(With pauses broken, while the fitful spark  
He blew more hotly rounded on the dark  
To hint his features with a Rembrandt light)  
Call Oken back, or Humboldt, or Lamarck,  
Or Cuvier's taller shade, and many more  
Whom he had seen, or knew from others' sight,  
And make them men to me as ne'er before;  
Not seldom, as the undeadened fibre stirred  
Of noble friendships knit beyond the sea,  
German or French thrust by the lagging word,  
For a good leash of mother-tongues had he.  
At last, arrived at where our paths divide,  
'Good night!' and, ere the distance grew too wide,  
'Good night!' again; and now with cheated ear  
I half hear his who mine shall never hear.

## Elegy on Agassiz

Sometimes it seemed as if New England air  
 For his large lungs too parsimonious were,  
 As if those empty rooms of dogma drear  
 Where the ghost shivers of a faith austere  
 Counting the horns o'er of the Beast,  
 Still scaring those whose faith in it is least,  
 As if those snaps o' th' moral atmosphere  
 That sharpen all the needles of the East,  
 Had been to him like death,  
 Accustomed to draw Europe's freer breath  
 In a more stable element.

\* \* \* \*

Yet life was good to him, and, there or here,  
 With that sufficing joy, the day was never cheap;  
 Thereto his mind was its own ample sphere,  
 And, like those buildings great that through the year  
 Carry one temperature, his nature large  
 Made its own climate, nor could any marge  
 Traced by convention stay him from his bent;  
 He had a habitude of mountain air;  
 He brought wide outlook where he went,  
 And could on sunny uplands dwell  
 Of prospect sweeter than the pastures fair  
 High-hung of viny Neufchâtel;  
 Nor, surely, did he miss  
 Some pale, imaginary bliss  
 Of earlier sights whose inner landscape still was Swiss.

I cannot think he wished so soon to die  
 With all his senses full of eager heat,  
 And rosy years that stood expectant by  
 To buckle the winged sandals on their feet,  
 He that was friends with Earth, and all her sweet  
 Took with both hands unsparingly:

\* \* \* \*

The shape erect is prone; forever stilled  
 The winning tongue; the forehead's high piled heap,  
 A cairn which every science helped to build,  
 Unvalued will its golden secrets keep:  
 He knows at last if Life or Death be best;  
 Wherever he be flown, whatever vest  
 The being hath put on which lately here  
 So many-friended was, so full of cheer  
 To make men feel the Seeker's noble zest,  
 We have not lost him all; he is not gone  
 To the dumb herd of them that wholly die;  
 The beauty of his better self lives on  
 In minds he touched with fire, in many an eye  
 He trained to Truth's exact severity;  
 He was a Teacher; why be grieved for him  
 Whose living word still stimulates the air?  
 In endless file shall loving scholars come  
 The glow of his transmitted touch to share,  
 And trace his features with an eye less dim  
 Than ours whose sense familiar wont makes dumb.



OFFICERS OF CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE  
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Christmastide is the season of all others when the barriers which divide people are least insurmountable; and to Chautauqua readers genuinely trying to get a national feeling toward the newest residents of our country this would seem an opportunity to discover with what unfamiliar and quaint customs our American Christmas is being enriched. Perhaps in years to come these will have become a part of that background of Christmas traditions which now we trace in great measure only to our North European ancestry. Every Chautauqua reader who lives in a community where there are foreigners and there are few places where some families at least may not be found, can with a little ingenuity discover some reason for a neighborly visit at Christmas time. Italian and Polish churches with their always open portals could give us much to think about on Christmas eve, and through settlement workers or other friendly visitors opportunities for glimpses of family celebrations might also be possible. Circles could have reports of such visits at their first meeting for the New Year. It would be a fitting way to remind ourselves as we begin the New Year of the characteristics which Lowell has ascribed to our country:

"She that lifts up the manhood of the poor,  
She of the open soul and open door,  
With room about her hearth for all Mankind."

## AN OPPORTUNITY.

Our attitude toward newer ideals of peace has a good chance to express itself at this time in our plans for Christmas shopping. Earnest efforts are being put forth to do away with the overwork of store employes at Christmas time. Every person who can dispose of Christmas shopping by the end of the first week in December is rendering a distinct service. The Charity Organization Society and the Consumers League are making a widespread campaign to promote better conditions. Note the backward step recently taken by New York State as stated by Mrs. Florence Kelley :

"Since the last holiday season the need of voluntary effort to discourage eleventh-hour shopping has greatly increased. For the highest court in the State of New York has pronounced unconstitutional the statute which for twenty years had forbidden the employment in that state of boys under 18 years and of women after 10 o'clock at night in any factory. And a case, appealed from Oregon, is pending before the Supreme Court at Washington to determine the constitutionality of all such restrictions in all the states."

## PORTRAITS OF TENNYSON.

Members of the "Tennyson" Class have doubtless been gathering up during these four years some memorabilia relating to Tennyson which may always be associated with their work as C. L. S. C. undergraduates. There are many phases of Tennyson's life and work which lend themselves to illustration. Among the most notable portraits of the poet are probably the three reproduced here. The painting by Samuel Laurence portrays Tennyson when he was nearly thirty years of age. His friend Fitzgerald said of it, "Very imperfect as Laurence's portrait is, it is nevertheless the best painted portrait I have seen; and certainly the only one of old days. 'Blubber-lipt' I remember once Alfred called it; so it is; but still the only one of old days, and still the best of all, to my thinking." The portrait by the distinguished painter George F. Watts, who has given us so many memorable likenesses of England's great men, possesses a certain dreamy character which the genius of the painter perhaps perceived or threw over his subject quite unconsciously.





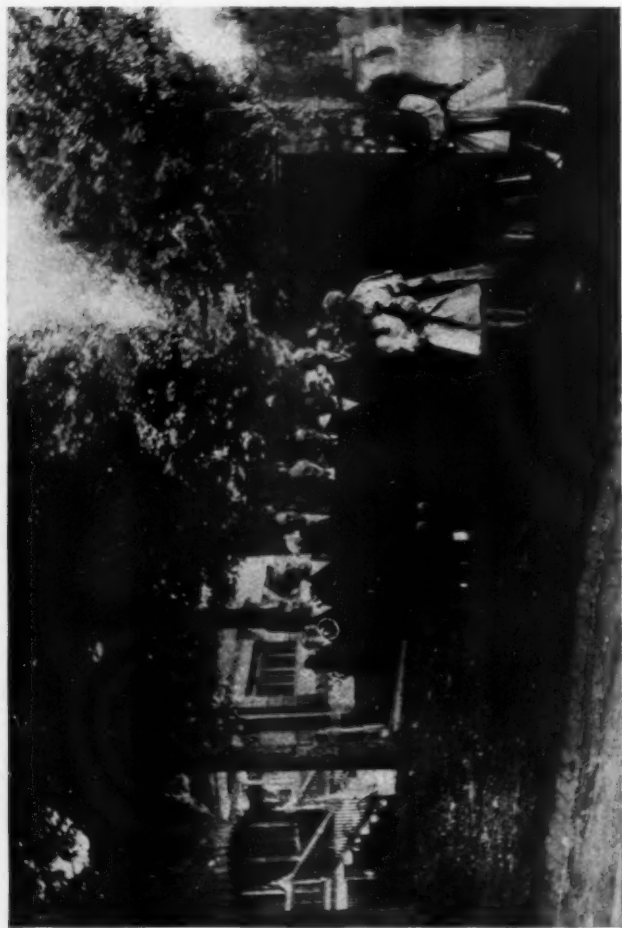
Portrait of Tennyson as a Young Man, by Samuel Laurence.



Portrait of Tennyson, by Mrs. Julia Margaret Cameron.



Portrait of Tennyson, by George E. Watts.



Recognition Day Group at Chautauqua, 1907.

It is at all events in striking contrast to the photograph of Tennyson taken by Mrs. Julia Margaret Cameron, one of Tennyson's neighbors at Freshwater and a woman of remarkable artistic and social gifts. A little volume entitled "A Child's Recollections of Tennyson" by the daughter of Dean Bradley of Westminster, referred to in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* for March, 1907, pictures very graphically the life of Tennyson's household and his relations with his neighbors in the years of his residence on the Isle of Wight.

## AN EMERSON CALENDAR.

When we think of Emerson we instinctively associate with his simple and charming personality, the intellectual qualification of "high thinking" and to some this has an ominous sound. We fear to explore a poet whose thoughts may prove beyond our grasp, and we miss the opportunity of being introduced to nature and life by so rare a master and interpreter as Emerson. Lest there be some Chautauquans who are lingering on the threshold of such an experience, we are hastening the process of introduction by an Emerson calendar for the opening weeks of the new year. Read and reread the poems assigned each for its own day. Mark the thoughts that appeal to you. Copy a couplet or two and let it sing to you in the pauses of the day's work. As the poet says of his own garden where he works day by day, "There's no rood has not a star above it."

- |                          |                    |
|--------------------------|--------------------|
| 1—Each and All.          | 10—Threnody.       |
| 2—The Rhodora.           | 11—Threnody.       |
| 3—The Humble Bee.        | 12—Dirge.          |
| 4—The Snow Storm.        | 13—The Problem.    |
| 5—The Concord Hymn.      | 14—Forbearance.    |
| 6—Ode—Concord 1857.      | 15—The House       |
| 7—Fable                  | 16—The World-Soul. |
| 8—To Ellen—At the South. | 17—The World-Soul. |
| 9—Threnody.              | 18—Musketaquid.    |

## PLAYS ON AMERICAN SUBJECTS.

Some of the Circles whose members are interested in the dramatic rendering of works of literature have asked for plays suitable for an American year. Professor Burton

whose knowledge of the drama gives weight to his judgment recommends as American subjects which have been skillfully handled, "Alabama" by Augustus Thomas, "Giles Corey" by Mary E. Wilkins, and "Esmeralda" by Mrs. Burnett. "Arizona" by the author of "Alabama," "Barbara Frietchie" and "Nathan Hale" by Clyde Fitch and many of Howells' farces are all distinctively American subjects. Circles can hardly do better than to present some of the famous novelist's inimitable characters. (For prices address Chautauqua Press, Chautauqua, N. Y.)

#### THE STUDY OF LONGFELLOW.

The centenary of Longfellow observed last February brought out many expressions of opinion regarding his personal life and wide-spread influence. A very suggestive article by Bliss Perry in the *Atlantic* for March is well worth the careful consideration of Chautauqua readers who in this American Year are endeavoring while renewing their acquaintance with old favorites to get a larger and juster estimate of them. "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha" and "Miles Standish" are so familiar to many of us as scarcely to call for rereading. But how well do we know Longfellow's incomparable sonnets which as Mr. Perry says are "among the imperishable treasures of the English language," his "Chaucer," "Milton," "The Divine Commedia," "A Nameless Grave," "Felton," "Sumner," "Nature," "My Books," etc. What of those later descriptive poems, "The Hanging of the Crane," and "Keramos," with the fascination of its ever turning potter's wheel—a long look ahead at the ever recurring race problem:

"Turn, turn, my wheel! The human race,  
Of every tongue, of every place,

\* \* \*

Are kindred and allied by birth  
And made of the same clay."

We are indebted to him also for translations of many an old world poem. Heine and Uhland and Michael Angelo are but a few of the singers whom he has interpreted for us.

## C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

*"We study the Word and the Works of God."  
 "Let us Keep Our Heavenly Father in the Midst."  
 "Never be Discouraged."*

## C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS.

OPENING DAY—October 1.	SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.
BRYANT DAY—November 3.	INTERNATIONAL PEACE DAY—May 18.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—November, second Sunday.	SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.
MILTON DAY—December 9.	INAUGURATION DAY—August, first Saturday after first Tuesday.
COLLEGE DAY—January, last Thursday.	ST. PAUL'S DAY—August, second Saturday after first Tuesday.
LANIER DAY—February 3.	RECOGNITION DAY—August, third Wednesday.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.	
LONGFELLOW DAY—February 27.	
SHAKESPEARE DAY—April 23.	
ADDISON DAY—May 1.	



## OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READING FOR JANUARY.

## FIRST WEEK—JANUARY 1-7.

- In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "As Others See Us." Chapter VII, The Mother Country as a Critic.  
 In Required Book: "American Literature," Chapter III, National Era—General Aspects.

## SECOND WEEK—JANUARY 7-14.

- In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "As Others See Us," VIII. Change of Tone in Foreign Criticism.  
 In the Required Book: "American Literature," Chapter IV, National Era—Poetry, Bryant to Whittier.

## THIRD WEEK—JANUARY 14-21.

- In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "American Painting," IV. Formative Influences.  
 In the Required Book: "American Literature," Chapter IV. National Era—Poetry (Concluded).

## FOURTH WEEK—JANUARY 21-28.

- In the Required Book: "American Literature," Chapter V. National Era—Prose Criticism (to page 239).



## SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLES.

## FIRST WEEK.

- Roll Call: Reports on illustrations from *Punch* in this number giving the historical episodes to which they refer.  
 Review of "As Others See Us," Chapter 7.  
 Reading: Selections from "The Anglo-American School of Polite Unlearning," *Atlantic Monthly*, September, 1907.  
 Debate: Resolved, that misunderstanding and not race antipathy is the main cause of our difficulties with the immigrant.

Review of Chapter II in American Literature (See Chapter III in Miss Bates' appendix for suggestions). This review might be conducted by six persons, each of whom should work out his or her own idea of the best way of emphasizing the section assigned. In one case it might be by reviewing some typical book which expressed a particular aspect of the time. Or, again, by brief selections from various works belonging to the period or in the three historical sections Nos. I, III, and V by an analysis of some commanding personality of the period like Andrew Jackson. An interesting line to develop would be the part played by the Irish in our art and literature and politics; Poole's index would give many articles bearing on the subject and the titles of these alone would suggest the various influences exercised by this versatile people. Let the leaders in each case not attempt too much but try to bring some fresh point of view or some of the less familiar specimens of literature to the attention of the circle. Miss Bates gives quite a number of references from which to select.

## SECOND WEEK.

Review: of "As Others See Us," Chapter VIII.

Book Review: America Today. William Archer.

Roll Call: Quotations from Bryce's "American Commonwealth." One section of this work, "Social Institutions of the United States," was published for The Chautauqua Reading Course some years ago and will be found in many private and public libraries which have not the larger volumes; or Anecdotes from Longfellow's life. By consulting biographies of his contemporaries many such may be found. See recent selections from his letters in *Putnam's Magazine*

For the program on American Poets from Bryant to Whittier it might be better to specialize on one poet, possibly Longfellow in view of the recent centenary and of the fact that he is 1911's poet, trying to gain an understanding of his gifts, his limitations and his place in literature. See his life in the American Men of Letters Series by T. W. Higginson, and also the March, 1907, *Atlantic* for Thomas Bailey Aldrich's poem on Longfellow and a very delightful and discriminating article by Bliss Perry. The points brought out in this study would make a good basis for a Longfellow program. See also Howells' "Art of Longfellow, *North American*, 184:472-85, March, 1907; an account of the Longfellow celebration at Cambridge, *Nation*, 84:219-20, March 7, 1907; Longfellow's Conquest of England, *Outlook*, 85:355-9, February 16, 1907; Youth of Longfellow, *Independent*, 62:416-9, February 21, 1907. (See also paragraph in Round Table.)

## THIRD WEEK.

Review of article on Agassiz in this number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN. Reading: Holmes' "A Farewell to Agassiz;" Longfellow's poem on Agassiz; Whittier's "The Prayer of Agassiz."

Roll Call: Quotations from Lowell's poem Agassiz (See The Library Shelf or Lowell's poems).

For the third week's study the circle might specialize upon Emerson's poetry. Emerson is probably less known to the aver-



age reader than any other New England poet, yet he had a great message. Read and reread his poems (see suggestions in the Round Table). Then let each member note some of the great thoughts which they suggest. Bring these to the Circle meetings and have them read and discussed; appoint one or two persons to select from lives of Emerson some of the passages which vividly portray his individuality. Let another member give some selections from the Carlyle-Emerson correspondence if this is accessible to the Circle.

Review and discussion of article on American Painting in this number of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*.

## FOURTH WEEK.

- For this week's study three lines of work are open to circles. 1. Emerson and others of the transcendental group; 2. Holmes and his influence; 3. Lowell as poet, critic, and man of affairs.
- Miss Bates gives many suggestions for those who have library facilities. Circles without them will find pleasure in enlarging their acquaintance with Emerson's prose which one cannot know too well. In *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* for March, 1900, is a critical essay on Emerson's "Self Reliance" and this may be supplemented by short oral reports on the members of the Brook Farm group: Margaret Fuller, Alcott, George Ripley, etc. See a humorous magazine article entitled "The Newness" in *The Century*, 17:24, Nov., 1889; also the delightful "A Girl of Sixteen at Brook Farm" in *The Atlantic* 85-394 (1900).
- For Holmes a Circle cannot do better than to spend an evening with the genial "Autocrat." Assigning the "Autocrat" the "Poet" and "Professor" respectively, to each of three groups. Let each group prepare a brief program covering: 1. The character of the book; 2. Studies in the philosophy of the Autocrat or Poet or Professor; 3. Selections from the poems embodied in these works and the occasions which led to them. Some one might supplement these with reminiscences of Dr. Holmes. If the Autocrat Series is well known, studies of several of the author's novels could be made the basis of the evening's work.
- For Lowell, his "letters," always an unfailing index of an author's personality should be reviewed and selections read. Certain of his literary essays should be assigned to different members. Let these report on the general character of the essay, distinctive traits of the author as they appear in his comments, his humor, his nice distinctions, his use of language, his style, the range of his knowledge as shown by allusions, etc.



## ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON DECEMBER READING.

1. Professor of psychology in Harvard University. He is the author of "Psychology and Life," "American Traits," "The Americans," "The Principles of Art Education," and various works in German.
2. He was sent by the French Government to study the penitentiary system in this country.
3. They are masterly descriptions of the life and aspects of foreign countries and cities, showing scholarly discrimination.
4. Novels portraying middle-

class life in Sweden. Several books of travel, including "Homes in the New World." In her later works, "Hertha," and others she embodies her opinions on philanthropy, religion and the equal rights of women. 5. As a captain in the British army he was serving on the St. Helena Station when Napoleon died. 6. Editor of the *North American Review* 1824-31; Professor of History at Harvard 1849-53; Founder and first editor of the *American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge* (1830-61). 7. A French novelist and critic born at Amiens in 1852. He has attracted much attention by his work in criticism and his novels in which he embodies much of the pessimism of his time with delicate and subtle art.

REVIEW QUESTIONS ON "AS OTHERS SEE US," CHAPTER VII. "THE MOTHER COUNTRY AS A CRITIC."

1. What in general was the cause of America's ill feeling toward England after the war of 1812? 2. Illustrate the attitude of cultivated classes in England toward America at this time. 3. What were some of our own sins which justified this feeling? 4. Show how reaction in England expressed itself. 5. How was our democracy "an affront to Tory sentiment?" 6. What striking remark was made by John Morley concerning the effect upon England of our Civil War? 7. What two influences have brought about a favorable change in public opinion between the two countries?

CHAPTER VIII—"CHANGES OF TONE IN FOREIGN CRITICISM."

1. What in general is the form of criticism which England now makes of America? 2. What circumstances connected with the Civil War inspired respect for America in England? 3. What was Gladstone's tribute at this time? 4. How is the change of attitude shown in the kind of criticisms which were made after 1866? 5. Illustrate the necessity for a large point of view by the Englishman's comment upon our scenery. 6. What form does the discussion of the American "lack of leisure" take? 7. What do the English mean by their characterization of us as a "silent" people? 8. How far does this criticism apply to other nationalities? 9. How is the American voice accounted for? 10. What do later critics say of the American press reporter? 11. How do certain competent French and German critics estimate our attitude toward money? 12. What did Bryce say of the social influence of the millionaire in America? 13. What do these foreign comments indicate as to the new relation of the United States to other nations? 14. What surprising suggestions have been made as to Anglo-American fete-days?

REVIEW QUESTIONS ON AMERICAN PAINTING.

1. How did Gilbert Stuart's ideas about painting differ from those of his time? 2. What were some of the chief characteristics of his work? 3. What was Washington Allston's character? 4. What was his message to younger painters? 5. Who were some of the portrait painters of the period? 6. With what section of the country is Ezra Ames associated? 7. Who was William Sidney Mount? 8. What new fields did American painting enter upon at this time? 9. What was the work of John Trumbull? 10. Describe the circumstances under which his paint-

ings for the Capitol were undertaken. 11. Why are the original studies of these pictures important? 12. Why was W. M. Hunt an important factor in our forming art? 13. What were the three stages of his artistic activity?

#### SEARCH QUESTIONS ON "AS OTHERS SEE US."

1. Who was Chevalier? 2. Who are Madam Blanc and Paul Adam? 3. What were the reasons for the impeachment of Andrew Johnson? 4. For what writings is Walter Bagehot known? 5. How is the "imagination" of H. G. Wells shown in the books which he has written? 6. Who is de Amicis?

#### SEARCH QUESTIONS ON "AMERICAN PAINTING."

1. What artist painted a portrait of Queen Victoria, his daughter posing for the Queen? 2. What artist beginning as a clerk decorated the margins of his account books "until they resembled the old illuminated manuscripts?" 3. What portrait painter was told by his grandfather that he was swindling "to charge forty dollars for one of those effigies?" 4. What artist's book learning, in early manhood consisted of the Bible and "Children of the Abbey?" 5. When was the "National Academy of Design" in New York City founded?



#### NEWS FROM READERS AND CIRCLES.

The large number of new delegates from the Class of 1911 made a distinct impression upon other members of the Round Table, as they gathered for the last meeting of the old year. "It's a case of 'Amalgamation and Assimilation,' as Mr. Commons would say," remarked a member of the Class of 1909 surveying the assemblage with interest. "I remember so well my experience as a new delegate only two years ago and already I feel like a veteran." Pendragon opened a copy of the March *Atlantic* which lay on the table. "You will all find it worth while," he said, "to read Bliss Perry's article on The Centenary of Longfellow. One phrase which he uses has come to me many times since I read it, and I think you will discover how it applies to our present situation. He says of Longfellow that 'he escorted the Muses to the banquet hall without stepping on their robes!' It will behoove us to see that there are no muses at our Round Table who fail to sing for lack of encouragement!"

"While you are referring to the *Atlantic*," remarked a Massachusetts member, "do let me urge you all to read 'The Anglo American School of Polite Unlearning' by Rev. Samuel McChord Crothers in the September number. For sparkling humor and keen thrusts of satire and genial good-will I don't know anything in recent literature that equals it. It's a description of an imaginary school for removing prejudices from English people about to visit

America! The methods adopted were unique. Do let me read you this bit. The principal of the school thus describes its methods to an American visitor:

"A great deal of our time is spent over the bare rudiments. You may have noticed as you came in, in the little class room to the left, a gentleman unwillingly engaged in studying a large wall map of Oklahoma. He is an Oxford man who makes his living writing for reviews. He lately expressed the intention of visiting America. His friends felt that he was not in a fit state, and advised him to take a short course in our school simply as a precautionary measure. You have no idea how hard it is for him to unlearn, he had learned everything so thoroughly. . . . We have found that the best way is to give him set tasks. We have dissected maps of Europe and America drawn to the same scale, and we make him put the map of Great Britain into the map of Texas and calculate the marginal area. Then we have memory work, having him from time to time repeat the length of the Missouri-Mississippi, and the number of vessels passing every year through the Detroit River. We set before him the latest railway map of the United States and ask him to tell at sight which railways belong to Hill and which to Harriman, and since when. When he asks what difference it makes, we rebuke his impertinence, and keep him after school."

Brief reports from many different sections of the country showed how the Circles were adding to their membership, working out suggestions and otherwise using their faculties to the utmost: "We have a strong circle this fall of thirty-two members," reported the delegate from the Outlook Circle of Mt. Vernon, New York. "It has taken us six years to bring the Circle to where it stands today in our community. But I like to think that the result will be worth while." "These Chautauquans," commented Pendragon, "have promised to give us an account of their visit to John Burroughs last summer and we hope to have it for the next meeting of the Round Table. The Edelweiss Circle in the same town publishes its president's interesting summary of the last year's work which you may like to look over. The members of the Circle were personally conducted through England by one of their number, Mr. Dale, a most capable and painstaking guide, and their quizzes and reviews and drills by competent teachers took the form of 'Wars of the Roses,' each member belonging to either York or Lancaster. The contest seems to have projected itself over into the new year as you will notice from this report of their first meeting in September:

"As in actual history, the Yorkists won, the greatest number of credits being accorded them for the work of the year. Last evening, however, the Lancastrians had all donned the beloved red rose again and announced a final effort to gain the royal standard

(a diminutive English flag had been the actual trophy of these battles). Red and white roses bearing slips, with written questions were distributed and in the resulting "quiz" the Reds actually did gain a victory, but it was followed by a reversal of the triumph in a supplementary "quiz" for which more roses, this time with mysterious hearts, were distributed. At the close of the contest the hearts of the roses were pulled out and proved to be imitation almonds, each of which contained a trifling memento of the modern "Wars of the Roses.""

Pendragon glanced through a sheaf of newspaper clippings which were handed him by a messenger. "More reports from new circles," he said. "They are just getting under way so there are few details except general facts of size, enthusiasm, etc. The territory covered, I see, reaches from Idaho eastward. We shall look for some original experiences from these new centers. By the way, this word from the Pierian Circle in the Stillwater prison should be read here. It shows how firmly entrenched that circle is. For seventeen years it has been a recognized feature of the educational work of that Institution yet it is a wholly voluntary organization. The secretary writes:

"In making a report of the proceedings of the Pierian Circle during the past half-year, perhaps the most striking feature has been the continual change in the membership. Only eight of the twenty-six who constitute the Circle at this time were members at the same time last year, while nine have become members during the last quarter. In spite of this unsettled condition, dependent as it is on the environment of our circle, regular fortnightly meetings have been held all through the summer, and fifty-two papers have been read, dealing with such varied subjects as the following titles, chosen at random, indicate: "The Life and Works of Henrik Ibsen," "Socialism," "An Excursion into Poetry," "The Chinese Herder," and "The Transportation Problem.""



"The Plus Ultra Circle of Jamestown, N. Y., a graduate circle," said Pendragon, "is specializing this year on the course in American Painting. You will enjoy seeing one of its early programs just received:

"Responsive Reading.

"Roll Call, current criticisms of American art.

"Arts and Sciences During the Colonial Period," Mrs E. K. Pardee.

"Minute Text Study of Article on Early American Painting." In September CHAUTAUQUAN, pages 53-33; general discussion.

"What Subjects were Chosen by American Artists?" General discussion.

"Art Centers in and near Boston: Copley Square, Cambridge, Plymouth, Salem, Worcester, etc." Mrs. Adah Hatch.

"Natural Scenery of the United States." (a) "New England," Mrs. Anna Fairbank; (b) "Coast Line from Nova Scotia to Roanoke," Mrs. Emma Y. Bootey.

"'Jamestown, 1607-1907," Mrs. F. W. Palmeter.  
 "'Indian Tribes," Mrs. L. W. Fowler.'

"While you are hearing from Jamestown," remarked a 1911 delegate, "may I report for our new circle? We organized at the Y. M. C. A. in October and make the fourth Circle in our city. The Stoddard and Melioro, the older Circles, started early with their work and with such enthusiastic neighbors we feel that we shall not lack encouragement."



"Will somebody tell me, please," ventured another member, "a good biographical dictionary which also gives the pronunciation of the names? Mr. Brooks refers to Bagehot and I haven't the least idea how to pronounce his name. I've asked several persons, most of them didn't know and those who thought they did pronounced it differently. I live in a small village with no library."

"The name which puzzles you," said Pendragon, "is pronounced Bâj-ot. Walter Bagehot was a very able English economist and writer. His essays upon distinguished men, Gladstone, etc., are of the invigorating sort that make one think. As to a dictionary, of course, the larger dictionaries like the Standard in two volumes, Webster's International, etc., contain supplements giving the pronunciation of proper names; but if your village has no library your circle can't do better than to club together and buy the Century Cyclopedia of Proper Names. Some day you may make this book the foundation of a town library. The Chautauqua Book Store, Chautauqua, N. Y., can give you styles and prices."

"At the beginning of the year," he continued, "let us remind ourselves of the educational value of word study. It enlarges not only our vocabulary but our contact with life for it opens new doors to us. Watch for unfamiliar words in your reading and in the daily papers. Can you define and pronounce and give the definition of say, dirigible, seismograph, threnody?"

"It reminds me," commented an Emerson enthusiast, "of what Lowell once said of Emerson. That in his judgment no man had a greater mastery of English. Perhaps I may read the passage, it is right here in Lowell's letters: 'Emerson's instinct for the best word was infallible. Wherever he found one he *froze* to it, as we say in our admirable vernacular. I have sometimes found that he added to his cabinet the *one* good word in a book he had read.'"

"We shall all admit," added Pendragon, "that there is a difference between storing our minds and exercising them. It's the square meal versus the gymnasium. Both are important. Now let me show you at this point what the course is doing for a member of the Class of 1910 in Missouri. I will read her letter:

"I began the C. L. S. C. Reading Course with the English year. I cannot express in words how much it "lightened labor and brightened life" for me during the year. I think I will never again read at random. I am a busy mother and housekeeper and I scarcely knew at the beginning of the year how I would manage to keep up the course. But I did, and for the sake of other mothers I want to tell you how I managed. I am the mother of four young children and I never have a moment through the day that I can call my own; so I arise an hour before any other member of the family and in the quiet of the morning I have an hour for reading. This is all the time I get for that purpose; but it is at a time when my mind is clear and gives me a theme for thought during the secular toil of the day. I also managed to organize a Circle of five busy mothers. We didn't do much Circle work, but did some good reading at home. We live in a suburb of Kansas City and are entering the American year with great anticipations."

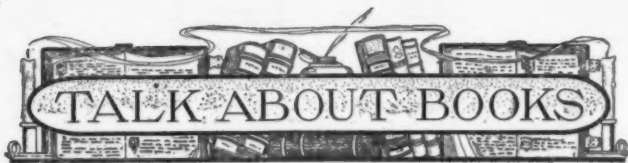
"As we haven't quite got away from last year yet may I tell of our closing meeting," said the delegate from Orange, New Jersey. "It proved a delightful occasion for we were honored by having with us Rev. H. C. Stone, who gave us an instructive talk on the English government. Mr. Stone is a graduate of Oxford and possesses a keen knowledge of English affairs in general, and his observations were most valuable to the student of English political and social life. We had a number of invited guests for we made the occasion a sort of seed sowing for our new year's membership. You shall hear later of our progress with American topics."

The delegate from Clark, South Dakota, gave at this point a picturesque account of her town up in the Northwest country. "We got so much more out of last year's work than the one before," she said. "My home is over my husband's place of business. It is cozy and far better adapted to our needs than when our circle was larger and we had to meet in a hall. I must tell you that we had never, any of us, studied Shakespeare's plays, thinking them beyond us, but we were surprised at what we got out of them and were so interested that we worked in an extra one, 'Twelfth Night.' We hope other plays will come when we take up our next English year."

"It's an epoch in anybody's life to make Shakespeare's acquaintance," said Pendragon, "and I am sure this inspiring message from the land of the Dakotas makes us realize that just ahead of each one of us there is always some door ready to swing open when the right time comes. You remember Longfellow's 'Agassiz:'"

"And whenever the way seemed long  
Or his heart began to fail,  
She would sing a more wonderful song,  
Or tell a more marvellous tale."





## TALK ABOUT BOOKS

"America Today," by Mr. William Archer (Charles Scribner's Sons, \$1.25), belongs to that new school of British criticism of which Mr. Bryce is a shining example. Whether it be Mr. Archer's Scotch birthplace or his cosmopolitan London training that gives him his liberal and sympathetic outlook one need not attempt to decide. Such a writer exerts a distinctly wholesome influence upon the country which he subjects to his scrutiny. In pointing out certain aspects of America which deserve commendation he shows such insight into their real bearing upon the life of the country, that we are awakened to a new sense of their value. On the other hand, his open-minded and frank attempts to appreciate certain other phases of our civilization give one a deeper feeling of responsibility for conditions which need looking into. The first half of the book is a series of ten letters recording a very keenly observant traveler's experiences. They are delightful reading and at once put us *en rapport* with our critic. Then we turn to the "reflections" which follow with such confidence in his ability to see us steadily that his analysis of our national possibilities is an experience to be remembered. In the first group of chapters he discusses "North and South." The broad judgment which he displays in discussing the fundamental issues involved is suggested in the sentence: "The United States of America, let us say, is a rehearsal for the United States of Europe, nay, of the world." The chapters on "Republic and Empire" reveal the impression which we make upon an enlightened Englishman who may be taken as typical of the best thought of his nation. They are chapters worthy of much reflection. His discussions of the American language and literature are pervaded with such kindly humor and just appreciation that his occasional home thrusts prove just the sort of tonic that one ought to get from such an author. Altogether "America Today," though written ten years ago, is essentially modern in its tone, a book for Americans who want to get a larger and juster view of themselves.

POLAND, THE KNIGHT AMONG NATIONS. By Louis E. Van Norman. Introduction by Helena Modjeska. Pp. 360. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company.

"While my own dear France was the missionary of civiliza-



tion," said Victor Hugo, "Poland was its Knight." She defended Europe against the barbarism of the non-Christian East for centuries. What she received in return has been division, practical denationalization—"one of the crimes of the ages." The Poles dream of and agitate the world over for the establishment as a national and political entity of what is now divided among Russia, Austria, and Germany. The author suggests that dismembered Poland presents much more of a problem than independent Poland possibly could today by reason of revolutionary propaganda and that she becomes the national intermediary between the East and West on that account.

Readers of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* will recall Mr. Van Norman's article "On the Threshold of Russia" in the "Reading Journey Through Russia," the substance of which appears in pages of this volume.

The book is entertainingly written and will appeal to the sympathies of liberty loving Americans while rendering a service in grouping information concerning notable contributions of Poland to world-civilization. The chapter on "The Poles in America"—numbering nearly three millions—is interesting supplementary reading for the current Chautauqua year.

WALT WHITMAN. By Bliss Perry. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1907. Price \$1.50.

Out of the mass of contentions and conflict, comment and criticism on Walt Whitman, this book by Mr. Perry is welcome for its simple lucidity and for its lack of inclination to quibble over any unessential points. Mr. Perry spends no time discussing the eccentricities of the poet, or even his vital offences against social conduct. These are interesting, but not to the point in a literary discussion. As to Whitman's form, however, the book contributes interestingly and convincingly a chapter which demonstrates that he was a master of a kind of versification which he chose to adopt, and this in spite of the fact that as a young man he had shown ability to write in the conventional way. The essential points in the poet's career as they affect his authorship are elaborated with sympathy and clearness, and the book, as a whole, in spite of the frenzied protest of the conservative group who feel that a bad man should be condemned for his virtues as well as his vices, is a distinct contribution to American literary biography.

MEXICO AND HER PEOPLE OF TODAY. By N. O. Winter. Pp. VII-405. Boston: L. C. Page and Company.

A collection of intrinsically interesting data and of personal observations by an American with his eyes open to developments as well as lack of developments in Mexico, particularly from an

industrial standpoint. It is the author's desire that this record of travel and reading as well shall aid in a better mutual understanding and furtherance of the progressive movement in Mexico. Mexican customs, habits, amusements, history, antiquities and resources are reviewed, and fifty full pages of original illustrations by the author and C. R. Birt are a striking feature of the attractively bound and printed volume. "Nearly all lines of commerce and industry are in the hands of foreigners," he says. "The Germans monopolize the hardware trade; the French conduct all the dry goods stores; the Spaniards are the country's grocers; and the Americans and English control the railroad, electric and mining industries. All these interests center in the City of Mexico."

"The same method (of courting a woman) pursued in the United States would either result in a man being sent to the lunatic asylum as suffering from a 'brain storm' or to the workhouse." "Mexico lagged behind so long that she has had quite a distance to go, and it will be a long while before she can entirely catch up with the head of the procession." "Today I do not believe that any country is more free from graft in high places than our southern neighbor."

FROM GREYNA GREEN TO LAND'S END. A Literary Journey in England. By Katharine Lee Bates. Pp. 380. 5¼x8¾. Cloth, \$2, net. Postage, 20 cents extra. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co.

Under this title appears in extremely attractive book form an expanded edition of the "Reading Journey in English Counties" which Miss Bates contributed to THE CHAUTAUQUAN during the past year. The book has a cover of red and gold; it contains 25 full page original photographs, and the volume is unusually well printed. To readers of this magazine no comment on the character of the text will be necessary. This travel series emphasized the literary associations of the western counties of England concerning which the author was exceptionally qualified to speak. To the specialist in English literature and the tourist or imaginary traveler who would know literary things worth while seeing in England and why, the book becomes both companion and interpreter.

GETTING THERE. WHERE? AND HOW? Sketches from "The Life Class," by Ninguno Santo. Pp. 56. 5x7. 30 cents. Philadelphia: The Nunc Licet Press.

This book has a curiously effective appeal. It is journalistic rather than literary, as the title indicates; but it arrests attention, and, in short, gets there. To many, young and old, the sketches must prove suggestive for everybody living on a higher plane. It belongs to the wholesome nugget class of gift booklets.

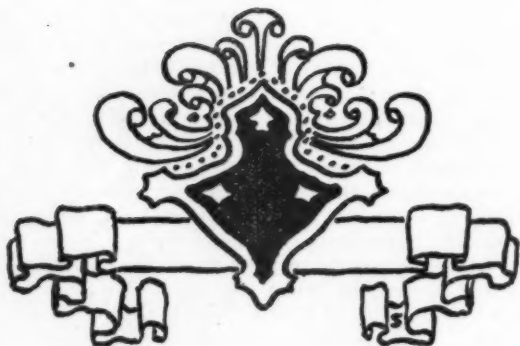
BOY WANTED. By Nixon Waterman. 106 pp. \$1.25. Chicago: Forbes & Co. 1906.

"Boy Wanted" is the title of a practical and inspiring volume of cheerful counsel written by Nixon Waterman. The *Boston Globe* says, "To have such a wholesome book on hand where the whole family can get at it is a wise provision on the part of any home-maker." The book abounds in stimulating advice, dealing with such live subjects as "Opportunity," "The Value of Spare Moments," "Cheerfulness," "Dreaming and Doing," "Real Success," etc., and is heartily commended to all young people.

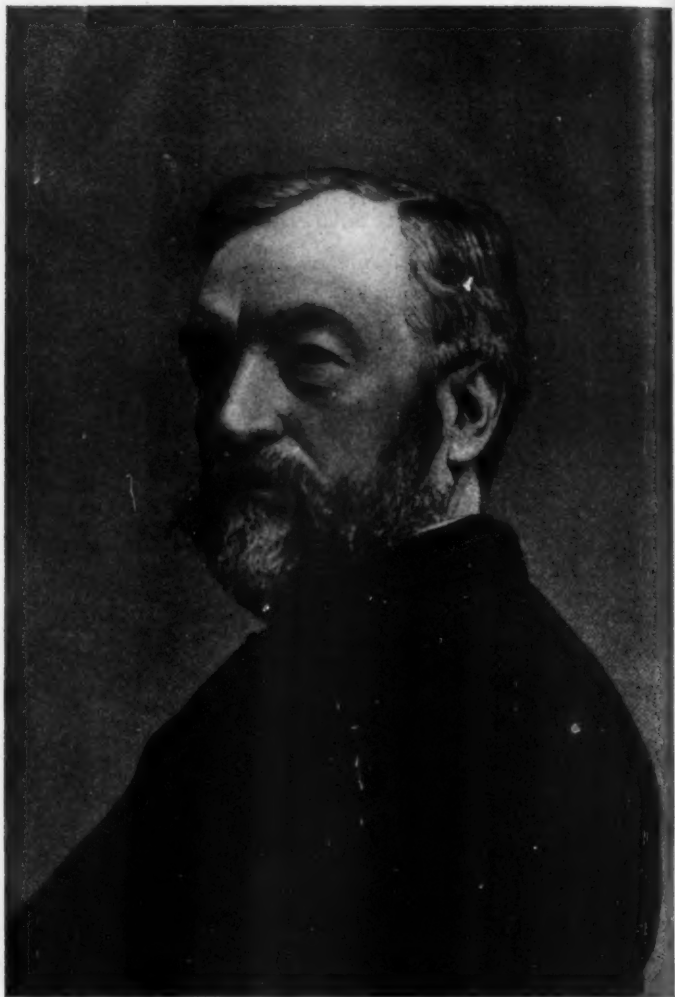
THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN PAINTING. By Samuel Isham. Pp. 573, 133 illustrations. (History of American Art edited by John C. Van Dyke.) Macmillan & Company. \$5.00 net.

The author of this volume has shown how skilfully so large a subject may be handled in comparatively small compass and still leave with the reader a clear impression of details. In the case of each distinct development of the art of this country he has so emphasized the historic background that the life of the times stands out vividly and the artist and his work naturally becomes part of this historic whole. Sometimes the result is accomplished by skilful description and again by treating the biography of the artist so fully and picturesquely that one realizes from his experiences in what social atmosphere he moved. This is especially true in the case of the earlier articles where the events are more remote from us and where the dangers of merely cataloging achievements would be greater. Another important feature of the book is the attention given to the founding of the great art organizations of this country, the National Academy of Design, and others. The dependence of American Art upon that of Europe, English, German, French, etc., is traced with so sympathetic an appreciation of the reader's point of view that the significant aspects of this development stand out clearly in spite of the overlapping of counter influences due to the comparatively short space of time in which our national growth in painting has run its course. An entire chapter is devoted to men like LaFarge and Whistler whose influence it is manifestly important for the reader to understand. The treatment of the work of modern artists is attended with evident difficulties but the historian has avoided the temptation to attempt completeness, which would be a futile task, and has indicated the tendencies in our own day as illustrated by the work of different groups of individuals. Throughout he has aimed to make clear how the differences in technique of different men or schools may be noted. The book

is thus a valuable guide to the student who has access to any of our great picture galleries. The abundant illustrations though of necessity lacking the one great essential of any painting, its color, help to familiarize the reader with the subject and stimulate his desire to make the acquaintance of the original works.







The late Samuel Pierpont Langley, celebrated Physicist and Experimenter in Aerial Navigation. At the Time of His Death, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution

(See "Samuel Pierpont Langley," by Prof. William Magie.)